The Improvement ERA

DECEMBER, 1930
Vol. 34 No. 2
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Music is Everywhere
By
OSBOURNE McCONATHY

The Hand-Me-Down Baby
By
RUTH M. MARSHALL

Cactus Blooms
By
HARRISON R. MERRILL

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FORECAST

I WILL get ready and then perhaps my opportunity will come." These words of Lincoln's are used as an introduction to an article under the title of "The Essentials of Public Speaking," by Dr. Anthony F. Blanks, of the University of California. In no community in the world is there greater need of a knowledge of the rules governing public speaking, for in no other community is such a large percentage of the people called upon, often without previous notice, to arise and express their thoughts. This article will be a valuable addition to our literature on the subject.

WERE the cataclysmal events described in the Book of Mormon actual occurrences, or did they merely exist in the imaginative brain of some modern dreamer? I. B. Ball, of the University of California, discusses this subject very entertainingly. He has spent a vast amount of time in research work along this line, and is kind enough to give *Era* readers the benefit of his findings.

AN article of absorbing interest to writers will appear in our next number. The possibilities of this Church as a field for the story writer has long been recognized. Comparatively few people get through this life without having felt the urge to put their thoughts on paper. Those who have responded to this impulse, though their work may never have appeared in print, have been compensated for their effort in the joy of having created something. This article will stimulate our young people, and also the older ones to earnest endeavor along this line.

MANY volumes have been written and innumerable sermons delivered on the subject of faith, and yet we know very little about this fundamental principle. P. Joseph Jensen, of the Church Historian's Office, has prepared a thought-provoking article entitled the "Psychology of Faith" which we shall be glad to present to our readers.

The Improvement Era

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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A Gift to Light the Way

WHILE the world is in its present quandry, and economic conditions unsettled, why not make your Yuletide offerings practical. And what is more practical than a year's subscription to the *Improvement Era*, each issue of which will take encouragement, entertaining information, inspiration and general spiritual uplift into the homes of your married children, or other relatives or friends, as the case may be. 'Tis a gift to light the way and give guidance to families and individuals; in times of trouble or calm—hardship or plenty—and the gift retains Christmas joy throughout the year.

The Improvement Era

—the outstanding Church magazine—and the only general Church magazine—should be on the reading table of every Latter-day Saint home. It is easy to find "something" to read these days—there are myriads of publications, many of them sold at unbelievably low prices—but the moral quality is not up to Latter-day Saint standards—it surely isn't the kind you would have influencing the lives of your children.

Encourage your family to read the *Era*. Read the *Era* yourself—give it to your children for Christmas. Many single articles and stories are worth more than the year's subscription price. Write in the blanks provided at the bottom of this page, the names and addresses of those you desire to receive this joyous Christmas gift, and send to the Era with remittance, and we will attach to the first copy a beautiful card, wishing them a "Merry Christmas" from you.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

EDITORIAL

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Life's Sweetest Story

IF ever humans are able to love their enemies, it is under the mellowing influence of the Christmas spirit. Innumerable sermons will be delivered during this season in which love for mankind is urged. That is commendable, but need for a more concentrated brand of affection is often painfully apparent.

Men sincerely love their wives and children, and yet if a stranger should address them in the tone which the husband sometimes uses, his anger would be aroused to a dangerous pitch. Now that his companion has given herself to him, he at times speaks harshly and often neglects to express his love in words, as he was so eager to do in the enchanting days of courtship.

And does the wife, too, forget to voice her tender feelings for him?

Without becoming morbid, married people might profitably remember: sooner or later one or the other will follow the cherished companion to the cemetery. Then recollection of unkind words will scorch the mourner's heart.

Parents who express love for their children will be well repaid, as will children also who tell parents of their devotion. In a recent missionary meeting, a young elder said:

"As a small lad I heard it suggested that children should tell their parents daily that they love them. I decided to try it. The result was delightful, and I continued until it became a habit. Sometimes when vexed at my parents, I went to bed without doing so, but it was like going to bed without praying, and usually I got up, went to their room, and told them I did love them anyway."

A few days after this meeting, President Grant cabled something like this:

"Notify—his mother just died."

The news was broken as gently as possible. Then the mission president said, "That you told your mother so often of your love must be very comforting to you now that she is gone."

The boy shed tears as he expressed his gratitude for the frequent manifestations of his affection.

A world of truth is in the words of the old song: "Tell me that you love me, for that's the sweetest story ever told."

If More Would Do It

WE understand that Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve and First Assistant General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., has undertaken to secure pledges from at least one hundred leading business men in Salt Lake City that they will live in accordance with the law themselves and endeavor to get others to do likewise. He proposes also to secure this pledge from at least one hundred prominent citizens of Utah and from one hundred eminent educators, statesmen and scientists of the nation.

He was encouraged to begin this undertaking by a statement that if one hundred of the leading citizens of Salt Lake City would live in accordance with the law, and endeavor to persuade others to do so, much of our trouble with prohibition would be over.

Dr. Lyman announced publicly at our General Conference that he would not knowingly cast his vote for any man for any office who does not himself observe the law. He prepared questions which were submitted to all candidates for office on all the tickets in Salt Lake County.

On his questionnaire were two quotations from Abraham Lincoln:

"Bad laws, if they exist,—should be repealed as soon as possible; still, while they continue in force—they should be religiously observed."

"Let every American swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others."

Dr. Lyman draws attention to the fact that every official is required solemnly to swear that he will support, obey and defend the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Utah and that he will discharge the duties of his office with fidelity. The manufacture, sale, distributing, giving away, or serving of liquor in Utah is by State law "forever prohibited."

We quote further from his questionnaire: "Will any one object if we serve a little champagne on this occasion?" asked a Salt Lake business man of a group of his associates. One of those present replied:

"Since I am trying to live in accordance with the instructions of Abraham Lincoln and to follow the example of the President of the United States and his good wife who have publicly announced that they will not participate in any function, social or otherwise, where the law is broken, I shall ask to be excused from this meeting if you are going to serve champagne."

The champagne was not served.

Two of the questions Dr. Lyman propounded to aspirants for office are:

1. Do you promise to live in accordance with the law, including that of prohibition?

2. Do you promise to refuse to participate in any social or other function where the law is broken?

Voters have the right to know whether or not the men who are asking for their support are standing for law and order. If they are inclined to be somewhat indifferent, it will strengthen their backbones to know that reputable citizens will demand from them an accounting.

To Give and to Receive

THE year, from its very beginning, looks toward Christmas. Occasions are dated as being 'before' or 'soon after' Christmas, and all during the fall eyes are open to discover new and unusual gifts for Aunt Jane, Cousin Sue and the friend who surprised us last year with that delightfully unexpected desk set. When the great day actually comes into sight, preparations become more active. Plans and secrets are made with feverish intensity and the minds of the practical, thrifty people of earth appear to weaken. As they enter shopsful of beautiful trinkets, the sane idea of a set of hot dish holders for Mother and house slippers for Dad suddenly retires into a corner of the brain where unused ideas belong, and Mother's gift turns out to be a mother of pearl corsage bouquet. while Dad's carpet slippers are supplanted by a set of tortoise-backed brushes, fitted beautifully into a traveling case which he might use once a decade for the remainder of his life. The very air of the shopping section is enchantment itself, and one who surrenders oneself to the effect of it must expect to be carried away in its witchery. Windows full of toys and tinsel; aisles running over with enticing, holly-bedecked articles; streets jammed with laughing, tired shoppers, weary under their delightful burden of ribbon-tied bundles!

Warmth, lights, pine-fragrance of trees waiting to be carried home; friendliness, laughter, good-will and color! Why should not the earth be merry?

One of the most beautiful gifts of life is the ability of people to cast aside care and trouble once a year and join together in a great, world-wide celebration; to forget class distinction and mingle with those much richer and those much poorer in a good-humored jostle over the toy counter; to let business and politics, society and justice rest for a short season; to take time to be glad. Many there are who claim to disbelieve the divinity, and some even the existence, of the lowly Nazarene, yet even they join with glad abandon in the festivities of the season which honor his birth. They seek for gifts to send to family and friends, tokens of the gifts brought from afar, of gold and frankincense and myrrh on that first Christmas, long, long ago.

To make the Christmas custom of giving and receiving the glorious thing it can be, there must be education to precede it, just as there must be training for leadership, dentistry and engineering, if the work ahead is to be accomplished successfully. Christmas-schooling is not, of course, the same sort as is dental, any more than training along electrical lines enables one to qualify as a physician. There must be specific, applicable study, in which must be combined analysis, appreciation, self-criticism and determination to separate values and re-arrange them into their proper grooves. It is an education of the spirit, and has in it a bit of mathematics, for the understanding of the giver's feelings must be added to the gift itself, all disagreements be subtracted from the sum-total, the result multiplied by the possibilities for deepened friendship, and the product indivisible by jealousy or selfishness on the part of the giver or the recipient; there is geography in it, for every corner of the globe is penetrable by such education; there is history, for the great characters of the ages have come down to us in record of just such achievement—the subjection of personal ambition to a cause. Socrates, Joan of Arc, Lincoln—and above all the Man of Nazareth himself—have had the education of heart and soul which raises one person above another. It is the only mark of true aristocracy. He who gives at Christmas, or any other time, with love in his heart, and he who receives with joy and love returned, are those who have learned well the lessons of the course in humanity.

The time to learn these methods, to acquire such education, is not alone in December, with snow on the ground and holly wreaths in all the windows; neither is it in any other specific season of the year, with particular reasons for happiness and generosity attendant. It is every hour of every day of the year, for no matter how busy we are with manufacturing, selling, typing or scrubbing, there is one avenue of the brain, and all of the heart, free for learning lessons unrelated to business routine, and untouched by the scrubbing brush. The thought of a kindness done, or waiting to be done; the memory of a bit of cloud or a flash of color; the hope of putting a ray of sunshine into the life of one less fortunate than we—these are the daily lessons which fit into other concerns to the benefit of all and the detriment of none.

At Christmas time, particularly, material values are so meager in comparison with the intangible ones that we need consider them only as indications, as expressions of them. A primrose by the river's brim may be only a yellow primrose until it is sent in a pot to some one who loves yellow flowers, when it becomes a message of love and cheer; a jewel of great value is of real worth according to the degree of affection, respect, repentance or good-will it carries with it, and a rose could carry as much—perhaps more because there is a quality of fragrance there which cannot be captured. Along this line, Dr. Richard Cabot says that he has a grudge against precious stones because they cost so much and can be enjoyed by so few, while none are more beautiful than the sparkle of snow crystals, and dew and sun on streams.

"Daily jewels," he says, "are violin notes, cool water on a hot face, thrush notes at dawn, swift laughter, lights in eyes or on the street, waves breaking into white foam. * * * The song of a thrush brings up forgotten memories and emotions. * * * One jewel-like moment can sustain through long hours of dullness. A shining moment centers the meaning of a whole month, as a single cadence dominates the development of an entire symphony."

Through the budding spring, the blossoming summer, the ripening and glowing autumn, and the invigorating, white-robed winter, gifts of true worth are everywhere. To learn to see them every day—the gifts of human friendliness and the gifts of nature's God—is to learn to celebrate Christmas in reality. Not on one day alone, but all the time, can the Christmas spirit penetrate and enrich life with the joy which is incalculable in terms of tangible gifts. In return to the Giver of all gifts may we give appreciation, proven in hours of fine and purposeful living, and directed toward ends of which He would be proud.—*E. T. B.*

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The Hand-Me-Down Baby

By RUTH M. MARSHALL

THE house was a quaint English cottage with a background of straight, dark pines. Against thus dusky setting the gray of the walls and blue-green of the roof stood out with charming, softened clearness. Though the little cottage faced one of the city's newest boulevards, it seemed to have graced that bit of land for at least two hundred years.

"I'm disappointed," Anne Blaine, hardly more than a girl, trudging along the snowy walk toward the house, said half aloud. "I thought I'd be home in time today to see the sunshine and frost make cut glass punch bowls of our windows."

HOWEVER, the sunlight had departed and was followed by a heavy snow; even the gray twilight had deepened about the little house, leaving with it an air of oppressive loneliness. The neighboring buildings were becoming but misty blurs, relieved by squares of light from occasional windows where the shades had not been drawn. Into one of these windows a young mother stepped, with her babe pressed close to her breast. The room was but dimly lighted by a shaded floor lamp, to which was added the glow of a cozy grate fire.

The muffled figure outside paused and gazed longingly at the picture. A young man, evidently the husband and father, joined the little group inside, and as he and the mother looked adoringly at the infant, Anne's gloved hands went impulsively to her heart and she murmured, "Oh, how heavenly!"

SHE stood looking at the picture until she feared the attention of the man and woman might be attracted to her, then walked reluctantly toward the lonely cottage. Only in a rear room was there a light.

At the sound of her key being fitted clumsily by half frozen hands into an elusive key-hole, hurrying steps were heard inside. A switch clicked. Suddenly the dark house took its rightful place among its neighbors, for from every window a shaft of soft light turned the falling snow to silver.

James Randolph Blaine, rising young architect and Anne's husband, threw open the door. Minus his coat and vest, but plus a yellow ruffled apron, he gave unmistakable evidence of having been engaged in the kitchen.

"Thanks, Jimmy, for letting me in. I'm frozen." Anne raised her lips, and not in vain, for an affectionate kiss.

"Why the dickens didn't you phone me? I left the car out so I could run down for you. It's too far to walk from the tram in this snow."

BY this time they were in the dainty dining-room where silver and china for two had been laid on the green and cream table. The house was warm, and delicious odors of baking apples and browning steak crept through it. Anne sat down in an easy chair and held up a well formed little foot toward her husband. He knelt to remove her galoshes and she kissed lightly his black hair. He repeated his former question.

"Why didn't you phone me?"

"I did a little shopping, and then—oh, well, Jimmy, you wouldn't understand."

He looked at her curiously. There was more than a slight trace of tenderness in his voice as he asked, "What's the trouble, Anne?"

She buried her face on his shoulder. "I saw a girl buying some baby things, and my feelings went on the rampage again." Then as a stern look came over her husband's face, she hastened to say, "But I'll snap out of it, dear, so don't worry. There'll be no scene."

JIM'S face became more serene. "Of course there won't, but you'd be a good deal better off, Anne, if you'd forget about such things. We're getting along

beautifully now. You're making good at your career, and so am I at mine. Why not be satisfied?"

Fresh odors came from the kitchen.

"It's an appetizing smell, Jimmy."

"I strive to please." The man rushed for the other room. "I forgot about the steak," he said to his wife who had followed him. "Sit down again for a minute or two. I never like to start anything I can't finish."

Anne resumed her easy chair and wondered how her husband, so sympathetic and tender on every other subject in which she was interested could be so indifferent about a baby. When they were first married it had been otherwise. He, with her, had anticipated the joy which comes with an offspring, but as time went on with less and less prospect of such a thing, and she had sorely grieved about it, his attitude had changed. At first she had thought it was out of consideration for her, that he wanted to make her sorrow less poignant, but as time passed she had been forced to the conclusion that he really was glad they did not have any.

"Into one of the windows a young mother stepped"

But even with this apparent flaw in his character he was a dear, she thought, and between them they had made a beautiful home, resembling them both, strong and yet dainty. On every hand was something to match her close cut, curling red hair, round gray eyes and the ivory skin which so often goes with Titian locks.

"All set, milady," Jim announced. "Are you hungry?"

"As hungry as a plump lady on a diet. We've had such a busy day. Mrs. Dwight finally decided to part with her machine-carved what-not and the shells her daughter sent her from Catalina. Her house is really lovely now. I've had some delightful compliments from her friends, and it's quite a feather in your wife's professional cap."

"I'm glad. You've worked terribly hard at it." Jim was busy serving the steak and trimmings. The meal furnished convincing evidence that architecture was not the only thing in which he was proficient.

Anne was touched by her husband's solicitude. "Sit down and rest, you're tired out. I'll do your share of the clearing up," he said. In a moment he was swishing water and soap in the dish pan.

Anne longed to laugh at the sight of her big, black-haired husband, again in the dainty yellow apron, but realized it would not be wise. She knew that few men, even husbands still very much in love, like to be laughed at. So she took the tea-towel from its drawer and rinsed and dried the dishes as Jim washed them.

When the kitchen was shining again, they went into the living-room where the blazing fire on the hearth hissed as an occasional stray snow-flake was lost down the chimney. Anne, curled up in a deep, gray chair, was soon asleep with a sketch pad on her knee. Before losing consciousness she was aware that Jim was looking at her with intent and tender eyes.

Even in the midst of her dozing she tried to analyze Jim's advice that they should be satisfied with the many comforts which surrounded them instead of longing for the impossible. She was rapidly gaining recognition in the work which she loved, as was Jim also. They had more than enough for all their needs, and usually she was happy and carefree as a child. But for all her childishness, she possessed a motherly little heart, and motherhood, the thing she wanted more than all else, it seemed was never to be hers. Jim, though as affectionate as a man could be, seldom noticed children any more and did not like to have the subject mentioned in his presence. Just the night before, Tom Duane's youngster next door had howled with the colic and Jim had burrowed deeper in his blankets, apparently thankful that such distracting joys were not for him.

THE next night as Anne was leaving the office, she met Dr. Osborne, her father's lifelong friend. He greeted her as her father would have done. "You're looking well, young lady."

"I am well. You'll never have an income tax to pay because of my poor health," laughed Anne.

"Still making new houses out of old ones?"

"Yes, and in doing it I'm making a great reputation for myself." Then her voice became troubled. "But I've reached the divide every married working woman must come to sooner or later, I guess. I want my work and I want my home, and I can't have both."

"You have had both so far, Anne."

"In a way, yes, but only because Jim does more than his share. We can afford to pay a good housekeeper, but when we tried that it seemed to be more her house than mine."

"Well, that's not a medical problem, and I'll not attempt to solve it. Come with me and I'll drive you home. I have a call to make out in your direction."

HE led the way to his parked car. "It's really a shame that you can't have children, Anne. Twins would have settled your trouble permanently."

Anne's smile was wistful.

"Life is strange sometimes," continued the doctor thoughtfully. "You want children and can't have them, and I've just left a young mother who has a perfect baby and finds him a decided handicap to what she thinks is a good time."

ANNE

"She doesn't want a baby that is her own?" Anne was incredulous. "Will she give him away?" Even as she spoke Anne realized into what trouble her impulsive red head was leading her. Here was a mother with a baby that was not wanted, and here was Anne who wanted a baby as a starving person wants food.

"The mother asked me to look for a home for him."

"Please give him to me," Anne's eyes were shining, and she was trembling with excitement.

"Why, Anne, I hadn't thought of that. Will Jim want him?"

"Maybe not. But I do, more than I want anything else in the world, and I'm not going to ask Jim."

"James Randall Blaine threw open the door"

THE kind old doctor put a strong, warm arm around the excited girl. The tender act was too much for her and she sobbed her heartache out on a shoulder that was used to bearing the burdens of others.

The car drew up before the little English cottage, and after a few soothing words the doctor started to drive away.

"Wait a minute!" shrieked Anne.

The brakes screamed and the big car skidded as it came to a sudden halt.

Anne ran to the door. "Is my baby a boy or a girl?"

"Good heavens! I thought I'd run over you. It's a boy with hair the color of yours. They haven't taken the trouble to name him yet, just called him Buddy. So you can name him James, Jr., or anything else you want. It's just like going into a store and buying a ready made, hand-me-down suit of clothes."

"How old is he?"

"Plenty old enough to be named, about a year, I should think. His father was a promising young chap who died before the baby was born. The mother, a somewhat frivolous girl, is now getting into bad company and should not have the child. She had to go to work after her husband's death and left the baby with relatives who can not care for him any longer, and now, rather than assume the burden herself, she is willing to give him up."

ANNE, astonished at her own boldness in agreeing to take the "hand-me-down" baby, subdued her rising fears. "I'll see him tomorrow, and don't you dare give him to anyone else."

"Don't worry. I'd rather see you and Jim have him than anyone else in the world."

That night was a sleepless one for the prospective mother. Jim, she knew, would be glad to let her keep the baby, but he must love little Jimmy too, and the recollection of his coldness on the subject of children made the chills run up and down her back.

She finally fell asleep through

weariness and dreamed of a red-gold baby head.

Any doubts of her own love were buried in a deep grave when she went with Dr. Osborne to see the baby. He was an attractive cherubic child with thick golden ringlets covering a lovely little head, deep wondering blue eyes and hands like unfolding pink hollyhocks. Young Jimmy laughed at Anne and bestowed big moist kisses upon her. He pulled her hair, and soon wiggled his plump little self deep into her heart. Anne held him so tightly that he cried, and she delightedly kissed him into calm content again.

"How can you stand to give him up?" she asked the mother. There was rather frank contempt in Anne's voice.

The blue eyes, so like the baby's, clouded with tears for a second. "Oh, I'll miss him. He's sweet as he can be and so cute, but I don't know how to take care of him, and I don't want to learn."

So Jimmy was to be ready for his new home in one week.

AFTER leaving the cheap little flat that reeked of gin and smoke, Anne spent the rest of the afternoon and several weeks' salary in the baby's department of her favorite shop. She bought pink, blue, green and yellow rompers, slippers and stockings and small fleecy sleepers. Then she went home to another restless night.

After dinner Anne snuggled close to Jim as they sat before the fire.

"Dearest, wouldn't you be happier if we had children?" She waited for the answer with a swiftly beating heart.

"Why, Anne, you know I like youngsters well enough, but there are a lot of advantages in not having them. It's much easier for us to get out, and then there's our work."

"But you would like one if we had it, wouldn't you?"

"Anne, I know how you would like a baby, but you mustn't think about it so much. It does you a lot of harm and no good. Can't you find a new dream for that old one?" Jim took the troubled girl in his arms and kissed her bright hair, while she sobbed forlornly on his shoulder. He did not want a baby and probably never would, she concluded.

BUT, though she might shed tears, Anne was not one to relinquish a determination once it had been decided upon, and therefore she planned to bring her baby home on Christmas eve. It was with serious misgivings that she awoke on the morning of that eventful day.

Star of Evening

CLEAR and luminous, calm and white,
Set deep in the soft, dark robe of night,
The Evening Star like a jewel gleams—
Waking old memories, half-dead dreams
Of a Star o'er Bethlehem.

With a cool, sweet breath from realms above
The wind of night fans the Star of love
As it trails a glory through the skies—
A glory such as once filled the eyes
Of Mary at Bethlehem.

Its celestial beauty has humbled me
The radiant glow of its purity
Has filled my soul with a holy awe—
Like the very Star the Wise Men saw
As they came to Bethlehem.

It sinks in a flame of virgin fire,
Purging my heart of all weak desire,
Stripping my soul and leaving it bare
Of everything but a wordless prayer
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

O God, send thy breath that purifies
To rend the veil from our blinded eyes,
To sweep our minds of their grime and dust,
To cleanse our hearts of their sordid lust;
And light our souls from thy throne afar
That we may be worthy to see thy Star.

—*Ruth B. Musser.*

The world was glorious with feathery white snow which made the little cottage look like a picture on an old Christmas card.

"Anne," called Jim, "it's eight o'clock; you'll have to hurry."

"I'm not going to the office today."

"Are you ill?" Jim's voice indicated deep concern, and it eased Anne's pain slightly. Her mirror showed that she really did not look very well, for she had slept but little during the past week. Tired eyes revealed the strain she had been under.

"I'm all right." She laughed nervously. "Oh Jim, I'm afraid you won't like your present."

"But haven't I always liked my presents? Why should this one be an exception?"

"But it is so very different from the others, Jimmy dear."

"Well, stop worrying about it. I always did like surprises."

"And it's a good thing you still like them." Anne could not help smiling as she thought of what a great surprise was in store for him.

After he had gone she slumped into a beautifully finished Windsor chair and held her aching head in her hands. "Oh, what a day we have before us, young Jimmy."

WHEN the new father, blissfully unconscious of his parenthood, reached home that night the baby was safely hidden in the guest-room. Anne was dressed in her best green crepe frock, and the table was set with violets in a silver bowl and periwinkle blue candles in lovely candlesticks. The violets lacked the fragrance of those that would grow in the garden of the little cottage when the spring came.

The dinner was made up of Jim's favorite dishes. Anne knew, after five years of married life, that shocks must not be presented to husbands until after they had been well fed. Even at that, young Jimmy would be a shock to the best fed men.

"Do you feel better, honey?" Jim asked solicitously.

"Yes, I'm all right now. Aren't you hungry?"

"You bet I am, and I smell soup like mother never made."

Dinner was well under way when an unmistakable gurgle came from the bedroom. Anne looked at Jim in alarm, but he hadn't heard the sound.

He was carving the roast when the sound was repeated, this time much louder. Jim paused and Anne's heart slapped noisily against her ribs.

"What was that?"

"What do you mean?" Anne's questioning eyes were big and almost too innocent.

"Sounded like a baby."

[*Continued on page 114*]

MRS. HINCKLEY IS SECOND WOMAN FROM LEFT, SECOND ROW

The Gold Star Pilgrimage

By
ADA B. HINCKLEY

AS one of the sad results of the Great War the bodies of 36,151 American heroes lie in Europe. Of this number 32,201 are buried in European cemeteries, 3,950 lie undiscovered in the fields and forests of France. Of the men buried in cemeteries 104 are from Utah.

By an Act of Congress passed March 2, 1929, an appropriation was made to send, during the summer months of the years 1930-33, the mothers and widows of American soldiers buried over seas, on a pilgrimage to European cemeteries. Consequently since May, 1930, groups of women have gone at frequent intervals, so that during this season 3,971 Gold Star women will have crossed the ocean as guests of the United States government on this historic pilgrimage. All expenses are borne by the government, and on land and on sea only first class accommodations have been enjoyed.

THE first women to go from Utah were Mrs. Ella B. Ridges and Mrs. Viola V. Madsen. The second group, the largest sent from Utah during the season, left Salt Lake July 18 and was made up of the following fifteen women, twelve of whom occupied one car of the Union Pacific System: Mrs. Euphemia Barlow, Mrs. James Blundell, Mrs. Mary A. Brandley, Mrs. Laura C. Draper, Mrs. Bryant S. Hinckley, Mrs. Beulah W. Hinckley, Mrs. Susan D. Humphries, Mrs. Florence W. Hanning, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Rehke of Salt Lake, Mrs. C. M. Rowley of Logan, Mrs. Harriet S. Sadler of Ogden, Mrs. Mary A. Barries of Grantsville and Mrs. Emma Hiatt of Enterprise.

At Chicago this special car was switched to the Erie train and taken straight through to New York, thus avoiding the inconvenience and discomfort of changing trains. This shows the consideration that was given to these women. The ride between Salt Lake and New York was not the most delightful owing to the intense heat prevailing over the continent at that time; but much of the unpleasantness was forgotten in the associations on the train. These were women who had seen sorrow and gone through the tribulations of a great War, but time had healed their hearts and they had emerged from these hard experiences free from bitterness, cherishing only the hallowed memory of their dead.

UPON arrival in New York we were taken to the Governor Clinton Hotel, one of the best in the city, and were there joined by many other Gold Star women

from all parts of the United States. We remained over night in New York and at 10:00 o'clock the following morning were taken by bus to the pier at Hoboken, N. J., where we embarked on the S. S. George Washington.

During the hour before sailing a military band, stationed at the docks, played such popular war-time songs as "Over There," "Pack up Your Troubles," "Tipperary," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," etc., very appropriate for atmosphere but rather difficult to listen to on this particular occasion without shedding tears. At 12:00 o'clock, however, with smiling faces and flying colors, two hundred and forty-five Gold Star women, designated as Party M, set sail.

FRENCH PEASANT (90 YEARS OLD)

AS previously the accommodations were first class and everything was done to make all the women feel comfortable and at home. An army captain and a lieutenant had charge of the group on the ship, while a hostess and a trained nurse gave special attention to the physical needs of the women. Programs were provided for evening entertainment and the mothers enjoyed watching the other guests on the boat dance.

After sailing eight days on a calm and delightful sea we anchored, on the afternoon of July 30 in the harbor of Cherbourg, France. There we remained until morning, when a tender, with an army captain and a nurse on board, took us ashore, where we were met by other officers who took us by train to Paris.

THE ride from Cherbourg to Paris ran through a very beautiful farming region where every foot of ground seemed to be utilized. The absence of fences was conspicuous; low, green hedges separating the different pieces of acreage. Little villages of tile-roofed houses nestled at the foot of wooded hills and the fresh green of the grass and trees gave evidence of an abundance of rainfall during the season.

Upon arrival in Paris the group was segregated into smaller units according to the cemeteries to be visited and were assigned to different hotels. In the party to which we were assigned were twenty-five women, all of whom were to visit the Suresnes cemetery, just outside of Paris. The largest group was made up of one hundred sixteen women who were to visit the Romagne cemetery at Verdun.

THE hotel D'Iena, where our group remained during our two weeks' stay in Paris, is typically French—spacious rooms elaborately but tastefully furnished, a quaint and beautiful place. They had the French lifts or elevators. One never rode in them without being reminded of this description by Mark Twain.

"When I was last in Paris, three years ago, they were using there what they thought was a lift. It held two persons and traveled at such a low gait that a spectator could not tell which way it was going. If the passengers were going to the sixth floor they took along something to eat; at night, bedding. Old people did not use it; except such as were on their way to the good place, anyhow. Often people that had been lost for days were found in those 'lifts, jogging along, jogging along, frequently still alive.

"The French took great pride in their ostensible lift and called it by a grand name—*ascenseur*. Any hotel that had a lift did not keep it secret but advertised it in immense letters, *Il y a vue ascenseur*, with three exclamation points after it."

THE government maintains a corps of army officers and trained nurses in Paris, with Col. Ellis in charge, who conduct the different groups to the cemeteries and other points of interest in France. An army captain and a nurse are assigned to each group, the nurse remaining at the hotel with the women, where she renders helpful assistance at all times.

The programs are well arranged and most efficiently executed. The fourteen days in France are spent in visiting the cemeteries and sight seeing, leaving the evenings free for rest or whatever recreation the women desire.

THE morning following our arrival in Paris we all participated in the ceremony of placing a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier of France. We were taken by bus to the Arc D'Triumphe beneath which lies buried this unknown soldier of the World War. The American officers and General Fracque of the French Army stood at attention while Mrs. Saboe of Minnesota, who lost two sons in the War, placed on the tomb a huge wreath of laurel with a small spray of lilies attached —a gift of the American government. This shrine is visited daily by hundreds of tourists and is never without fresh flowers. At the head of the tomb a small flame, called everlasting fire, is kept constantly burning.

After the ceremony we went to a delightful tea house where we were addressed by Col. Ellis, Ambassador Edge, General Pershing, General Fracque of the French Army, a Catholic priest and the pastor of the American Trinity Church of Paris. These men all spoke words of consolation and praise, emphasizing the fact that the Gold Star Pilgrimage had done much to cement the bond of friendship between France and America.

THE following morning we made visits to the cemeteries. Our particular group visited the Suresnes cemetery, about five miles from Paris, where 1,400 Americans lie buried, eight of whom are from Utah. This burial ground, the smallest of the eight European cemeteries owned by America, lies on a gentle slope, backed by a wooded hill, on the summit of which stands an old French fort. There are no mounds but row upon row of snow white marble

crosses, standing with military erectness and precision and containing the name, the rank, the division of the soldier and the state from which he came. In this cemetery lie seven unknown soldiers, each cross bearing the following inscription:

"Here rests in honored glory
An American Soldier
Known but to God."

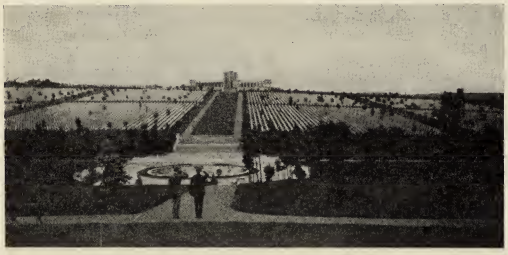
ALL the burial grounds are beautifully landscaped and well cared for. Hardwood trees planted among the graves and beautiful flowers and shrubbery along the borders of the cemetery make a beautiful park. A hostess house where visitors may rest occupies a convenient place and a small chapel is being erected in each cemetery. Only peace abides here and one leaves the place with the satisfied feeling that it is well to let the soldier dead lie here undisturbed.

IN addition to being taken to the cemeteries, almost every day we were taken to see the principal points of interest in and about Paris. One needs to spend much time in these places but only a glimpse and an impression can be had in a hurried visit. The Louvre, Napoleon's Tomb, Josephine's Chateau, Fontainbleau, Versailles and Notre Dame were among the places visited. France has been a bloody battle field from the beginning but she has somehow managed to preserve much of her treasure. Versailles, with its beautiful gardens and fountains, is a scene of beauty long to be remembered. It was here that the treaty of peace was signed in 1919 and we were privileged to see the table on which this historic document was signed, President Woodrow Wilson being among the signers.

The French point with pride to this and that statue, to the marvelous paintings and tapestries depicting the history of France, but one is impressed with the idea that Paris is one big display of monuments to military heroes and military victories. Cannot peace be made to appear greater than war?

GERMAN LOOKOUT
Part of old church. Very important observation point

THE author of this article, Mrs. Ada B. Hinckley, wife of President Bryant S. Hinckley of the Liberty stake, was critically ill when this was written, after her return from the Gold Star Pilgrimage. Later she went to California with the hope that her health would be restored, but it was not to be. She passed away in Los Angeles on Nov. 10. Mrs. Hinckley was a talented woman, a devoted wife and mother, and one of the sweetest spirits it has ever been our good fortune to know. May the comforting influence of God's holy spirit hover about the bereaved husband and children.



MEUSE ARGONNE. 14,189 AMERICAN DEAD. 400 UNKNOWN SOLDIERS
Bodies still being exhumed in the forest and buried in the cemetery

OUR stay in France was most pleasant but after a rather strenuous two weeks' program everyone was happy to make the return trip to Cherbourg and then embark on the S. S. Republic for our homeward voyage.

We left Paris August 3 expecting to spend ten days on the water. Our captain and lieutenant who had been given a leave while we were in France resumed their duties and once more took charge of the group. Two hundred and forty-four returned, one mother remaining in Paris a short time longer because of illness.

THE weather being in our favor we anchored in Hoboken a day earlier than expected and were taken to the Hotel McAlpin where we remained over night. The following day the two hundred and forty-four Gold Star women separated, taking trains to their homes in different parts of the United States.

Our government has always honored its veterans in a generous and grateful way, and cared for the widows and orphans of those who gave the last full measure of devotion to the flag, in a manner well becoming a great and beneficent people. This pilgrimage was in keeping with that spirit. There was something very satisfying and beautiful about it. The tenderness and care given to the mortal remains of those who were buried "over there" has left forever a sanctity and peace in the souls of those who have been permitted to visit the sacred soil where their sons and husbands sleep.

POETRY

A Legend

By Grace McKinstry

A MAN had three good friends. The first of these
Was very dear to him, the second, less;
And with the third he seemed to feel at ease
But made no fuss about him. Happiness
Was ever this man's portion, till, one day,
A royal messenger arrived to say:

"I have been hither sent that I may bring
You to our sovereign." The man, in fear
Cried, "What is my offence, pray, that the king
Should summon me thus sternly to appear?
I have three friends; grant one may go to plead
My cause—then speedily I shall be freed."

The first friend shook his head, "I cannot go."
The next one heard the plea and spake this word:
"Yes, to the palace gates with you. But know
That there I have to leave you." But the third
Said quickly, "You shall not go there alone,
I will stand with you, friend, before the throne."

Before his sovereign came the man, and there
His good friend pleaded with such eloquence,
The king, convinced, was minded to declare:
"Your plea has saved him; let him now go hence."
Three friends—and only one could go to free
This man! And do you recognize the three?

The first was *Money*. When the messenger
Came for the man this friend must needs remain;
Next, *Family*, whose ministrations were
But to the palace gate—the grave. Not vain
His pleading with the third! This one alone,
Good Deeds—could speak for him before the throne.

To My Mother

By Gladys Hendrickson

THERE are two brown pools in my memory
Flecked with gold
Shot with sun.
They sparkle and shine as they look at me
Clear and deep
Made for fun.
And they laugh as they mirror the smile of the skies
Now just what
Could they be?
They're the shadowy, gay, loving depths of your eyes
Smiling now
Up at me.

FOR December and Christmas there is much which should be said poetically, and people who usually find prose adequate for the expression of their thoughts find themselves making poetry. Christmas poems were many and so lovely this year that not one could be left out; and in addition there were other poems which fairly refused to wait until 1931 to see the light of print. So we scattered the Christmas poems throughout the holiday pages of the magazine, like snowflakes, refreshing and cool. To the rest of the clamoring verses, we dedicate a page of their own, and somehow, although Christmas is not mentioned in one of them, they seem to partake of the spirit of the season and try to pass it on to you who read.

The Party

By Ardyth M. Kennelly

The moon came to the star's party
Before the sun had gone home.
The moon is something of an adventuress
And the winds whisper about her.
They say she walks upon the hills
At dawn. But then,
The winds are gossipers, you know.
Oh, she was very demure about it all.
She came up the stairs
And looked very pale and prim
Against the blue wall.
Nevertheless the sun eyed her
Sharply. And the slim, silver lady
Shrugged her shoulders. . . .
After the sun had gone home
She donned a golden gown
And laughing leaned against
The blue wall. . . .
And today the winds are whispering again.

Fancy

By Estelle Webb Thomas

UPON the shining stream of Poesy
I launch my fragile craft by fancy wrought,
Where stately vessels sail away to sea
All laden down with priceless gems of thought.

It will not reach the distant port of Fame,
Too frail it is, though wind and wave be fair,
No multitudes will laud the humble name
Of her who fashioned it with loving care.

But if it bring the merest hopeful glow
To ship-wrecked soul, despairing and in pain,
I think that some way I shall surely know,
And feel that I have wrought not all in vain.

God Must Love the Autumn

By Edith Cherrington

GOD must love the Autumn, He clothes it so in glory!
The hills go robed in amethyst, the trees are dressed in gold.
High above the dreaming valleys the mountain peaks are hoary,
While the breeze that stirs the stiffened leaves is briskly clean and cold.

The little house that stands beside the lane is like a friend
Waiting for our coming at the twilight of the year.
The glowing hearth and table spread with simple foods extend
The living hand of friendliness, the hearty smile of cheer.

God must love the Autumn for he show'rs his favors there
And holds it as a mother holds her babe against her breast.
Soft breezes carry lullabys upon the fragrant air,
And the cradle of the winter offers earth her night of rest.

A Gray Day

By Grace Ingles Frost

THE lordly Wasatch wears a cowl of gray,
That hides from view each hoary-headed peak;
The gulls fly low and follow near the play,
From fresh-turned loam, some morsel small to seek;
The greening gladness of the grassy plain,
Is dimly shown thro' shrouding veil of mist,
Like unto souls arising from old pain,
O'er which memories hover and persist
To sadden, nor let them the past forget,
Or like captives peering through their bars
That have been welded firmer by regret.
Until is hid the glory of the stars.

I Would Not Part the Curtains

By Ida R. Alldredge

I CANNOT know the future
Nor path I shall have trod,
But by that inward vision
Which points the way to God.

I would not glimpse the beauty
Or joy for me in store—
Lest patience ne'er restrain me
From thrusting wide the door.

I would not part the curtains
Or cast aside the veil—
Else sorrows that await me
Might make my courage fail.

I'd rather live not knowing,
Just doing my small might
I'd rather walk by faith with God
Than try alone the light.

CACTUS BLOOMS

HARRISON R. MERRILL

G. EDWARD BROWN hugged the pound box of candy he carried against his breast as he trotted across the campus to where he could see Marjorie McCarthy, Coach Bill McCarthy's nineteen year old daughter, playing a lone hand of croquette on her father's lawn. Old Bill McCarthy was head coach at Glendon University, and was a great hero in G. Edward's eyes.

"Hello, Marj," Eddy called as he approached. "Look lonely."

The girl straightened up, her mallet held loosely in both hands before her. Eddy felt a chill as he looked into her brown eyes. In them he fancied he saw trouble for himself.

"Not so lonely," she replied a little sharply.

His enthusiasm died down, but he was not beaten. He unwrapped the box.

"Want to try some of this?" he asked.

Removing the lid he extended the box filled with cubes of semi-transparent, sugar-dusted candy.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Guess—taste it and guess."

SHE bit into a cube of the substance, sipped the flavor a moment, and then held it up for inspection.

"Candy," she pronounced, judiciously, "but what kind? It is delicious. I've never tasted anything like it before."

Eddy grinned.

"It doesn't grow up in this country—an Arizona product from down home."

"What's it made of?" Marjorie asked. "Do tell me."

"It's candied cactus blooms," Eddy replied.

"How wonderful," she exclaimed, "Cactus blooms! Cactus blossoms are beautiful."

"Beyond description," Eddy replied. "Just beyond description, that's all. This is made from cactus, but maybe not from the blossoms. But, say, why the icicles when I came up?"

SHE hesitated.

"Out with it," he prompted.

"It was that football game Saturday," she replied. "Dad was very disappointed in that game—and in—in—."

"Say it," he urged, though he could not keep the crimson out of his face.

"And in you," she concluded. "He said Glendon should have defeated Bartholomew by four touchdowns, and we won by only one point."

"I know," Eddy answered lamely. "The Coach was wild about it, but the Bartholomew outfit was harder than we thought. We fought our—"

She held up her hand.

"Don't!" She spoke as if he had hurt her. "That's what Dad said you'd plead."

Eddy flushed. Underneath his embarrassment — shame — was a spark of anger.

"What did he think I'd say?" he demanded, hotly.

"He said you'd have an alibi—he named several," she was as calm as a surgeon probing in a wound. "You've mentioned the first, please don't mention the others."

"What else did he say?" Eddy demanded sharply.

SHE held a piece of the semi-transparent candy up against the sun.

"He said you were too sweet—too—too—"

"Say it," he prompted again, as she paused.

"Too afraid to mix it with the Bartholomew crowd." Eddy studied her eyes as she spoke. "If you'd a brought him some of this candy, he'd a said that you like the bloom rather than the spines of the plant of your native state."

Her words cut deep. Eddy was proud of his state and his state flower. He was also proud of the reputation Arizonians have for square, hard fighting for a cause.

"If he'd a said it, would you have believed it?" he asked.

"I wouldn't have—then," she said wistfully. "Now, I think I should."

"Did you see the game Saturday?" he asked.

"Yes; it made me wonder, but I thought there might be some other reason. The Glendon team certainly was not as—as—vicious as I'd a liked them to be. I know the game fairly well now, you know, Eddy, and I am certain you could have smashed that line harder than you did. You reminded me of a balky horse with cold shoulders."

"So—that's what you think of me," Eddy said, an all-gone feeling in the pit of his stomach, for he liked this girl better than any other on the campus. "Then I think I'd as well go—alternately cold and hot here," he continued, smiling sheepishly. "I'll leave the candy with you."

"It is delicious," she said, looking down at the box, "but it looks wishy-washy, pretty—sweet—like the blooms. I think I'd prefer the spines."

EDDY recrossed the campus a ton of lead in each shoe. He had come out of the desert of Arizona to get an education, and to play football. He had made the freshman team, and had been lionized by his class for his speed and elusiveness. He had actually decided that he was a pretty good football man.

When in his sophomore year he was selected as the first quarterback of the Varsity team, he felt certain that he had made no mistake in his estimate of himself. He had played through the major portions of three inter-collegiate contests and was still of the opinion he was very good, even though his team had not been the whirlwind some

of the sport writers had predicted it would be. He had laid the team's failure to live up to prediction, however, upon an over enthusiastic press agent, and to the fact that the teams Glendon had met were exceptionally strong. Until now he had never even dreamed that the failure of the team to work efficiently was chargeable to him.

A COWBOY from the Arizona desert where men were supposed to be men, he had prided himself upon his willingness to mix with any man or set of men regardless of size. He had come to adore Coach Bill McCarthy and, what was more, big Bill's only daughter. To learn that the Coach had been disappointed in him was bad enough, but to learn that the Coach had confided his disappointment to his daughter was unbearable.

G. EDDY BROWN

Eddy Brown was making some resolutions that afternoon as he dressed for footbtall.

"Why so glum?" It was Joe Medill speaking. Joe was dressed and on his way out to the field. "Haven't heard from the cactus country lately?"

"Sure," Eddy replied twisting his face into a wry expression. "That's what's the matter."

Joe paused. He also was from Arizona and played halfback while Eddy played quarterback. He was interested.

"How come?" he asked. "Did somebody send you a Gila Monster through the mail?"

"Naw, worse than that," Eddy replied grinning. "Mother sent me some cactus candy—candied cactus blossoms."

"Well, I wouldn't call that bad news," Joe exclaimed as he passed on toward the door of the dressing room.

"You would," Eddy called after him, "if you'd a found the sting in 'em I did."

THROUGHOUT the week Eddy's conversation with Marjorie seared his soul. He liked the girl tremendously, and it hurt to have her tell him that he was spineless like a cactus bloom. He'd show her. No mere girl could rub it in to him, even if she was the Coach's daughter. With a new determination he entered into the work of preparing for the big game with Clarke University the following Saturday. He would show the old Coach that an Arizonian was what the stories said he was.

On the day of the game as Eddy trotted on to the field with his team-mates, he glanced toward the President's box. Marjorie usually sat just below it with the Pep Girls, a rooting section of football enthusiasts. He saw her fluttering her colors as the team spread out on the field.

Eddy's heart beat high. He had purposely avoided Marjorie the entire week, though it had been hard for him to do so. He wanted to show her some of his spines. Clarke was reported to be "plenty tough," but Coach McCarthy avowed that Glendon must win; there would be only one really stiff team between them and a state championship.

EDDY took his place behind the line. Flanked on one side by Joe and on the other side by "Beef" Hollister, and backed by Lon Granger, he snapped out his signals with a new vigor. He felt that this was his day. Marjorie up there in the Scarlet and Gold outfit swinging her banner would see spines, not blossoms, when this game got under way, and incidentally Coach McCarthy would learn a few things, too. There would be no alibis.

Clarke kicked off to Glendon. Joe received the ball and started up the field; Eddy ran interference. As he streaked across the sward, he threw himself at a big Clarke guard. The fellow's knee caught Eddy in the short ribs knocking the breath completely out of him. It was seconds before he could struggle to his feet.

The Glendon Bears went into a huddle. Eddy called an off-tackle buck. Joe, who got the ball, was thrown without gain.

Once more Eddy called a line buck. This time Beef got the ball after Eddy had faked passing it to Joe. Beef made a yard and a half. Third down and eight and a half yards to go! Eddy called for a punt. The ball spiraled high allowing the Bears to go down under it. Clarke was dropped on their fifteen yard line.

WITH the ball in their possession the Clarke machine began functioning. The heavy guards and tackles literally rolled over and through the Glendon line

tearing great holes through which the Clarke backs percolated for three, five, and even seven yards. Clarke made three first downs in quick succession. Then Glendon held and the visitors were forced to punt.

Eddy received the ball on his own seven yard line. He started up the field darting among the Clarke tacklers like a scared jack rabbit, until he was at last dragged down on his own forty-two yard line.

He called a play over guard. The Clarke guard and center blocked the hole and Beef went down with a one foot gain. Joe, on the next play, suffered a similar fate.

Eddy felt somethnig click in his mind. Suddenly he could remember nothing except a long forward pass. The Coach's admonition, Marjorie's taunting voice, dropped away from him and he could remember only that the Clarke line was holding; that the Bears could not break through; that the Clarke men were heavier

HE called for a pass; the fullback to the left end. The ball spiraled high from Granger's hand. Eddy could see Booker Clayson, the end streaking toward that mythical point where ball and man were to meet. Then he saw a gray clad Clarke tackle shoot through, snatch the ball from the air, and speed on toward the Glendon goal.

Eddy's heart almost stopped. The man was free or almost free. He, Eddy Brown, must stop him if he was to be stopped. His feet seemed to have wings as he took up the chase, his own men trailing along behind him.

"I must stop him; I must stop him," he was saying over and over in great sobs as he closed up the gap foot by foot. As last he knew he was close enough. He left his feet, and could have sung for joy as he felt that ball carrier's legs in his arms.

As he rose to his feet, he saw a Glendon Bear racing across the field from the bench. As the man drew nearer he could see that it was Brig Halverson, substitute quarterback.

THEN it was that Eddy remembered the instructions of big Bill McCarthy. "Until you have felt them out," the big fellow had said, "buck their line and punt."

Eddy did not have to be told who was to go out. He knew.

"Sorry, old man," Brig called, as he passed on his way to the referee.

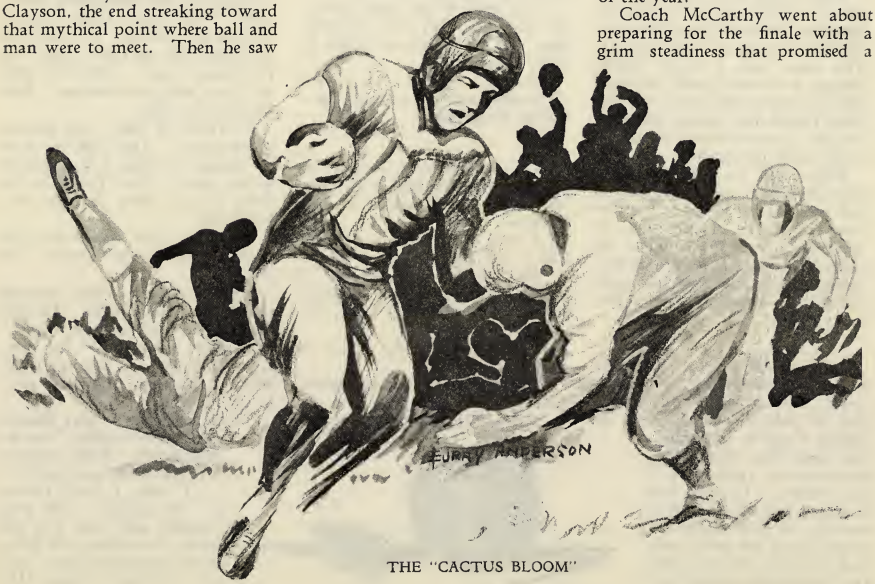
As Eddy approached the bench where old Bill McCarthy sat, his heart was low. He could see anger in the Coach's eyes, but McCarthy said nothing, merely motioned Eddy to the bench. From the seats high above, Eddy caught the tones of a single voice from among the thousands.

"Cactus blossoms!" he was positive it was crying over and over again.

Glendon won from Clarke by three points, but Eddy did not have a chance to go back into the battle. He sat on the bench watching with aching heart his own team fight through to victory.

THE last game of the season was to be the contest for the State championship on Thanksgiving Day. Glendon University and St. Francis had both gone through the season undefeated, though St. Francis, playing several of the same teams, had regularly scored more than twice as much as Glendon had done. This led the sport writers and fans to predict a St. Francis victory in the final battle of the year.

Coach McCarthy went about preparing for the finale with a grim steadiness that promised a



THE "CACTUS BLOOM"

warm time for St. Francis. Big Bill had not had a championship in six years. This was his year he had declared, but victory had been so long in coming that few believed in him.

There were two people, however, who had faith, almost to the point of passion. They were his daughter Marjorie and G. Eddy Brown. The girl was a persistent rooter and football lover, and Eddy would have given his right hand to have been reinstated in the Coach's confidence.

AS the days passed Eddy found himself playing more and more with the reserves. Brig Halverson, the man who had pulled the Bears through with a victory over the Clarke outfit, was being groomed for the quarterback position. Eddy, however, did not let up on his training. He began to dream football in his sleep, and often he would catch himself working out new plays that he could work alone in a pinch.

This study of strategy was brought about by the announcement made by Coach McCarthy that he feared St. Francis was wise to all of the Bear plays.

Eddy tried to be fair and impartial in his judgments, but he somehow believed that Halverson would blow up as a quarterback. The man was a good, steady plunger and could handle the team well against an ordinary team, but Eddy feared that against the powerful St. Francis eleven Brig would break under the strain.

Eddy had not seen Marjorie since the Clarke game. In fact, he had been careful to avoid her. He tried to say to himself that he never cared very much about her attitude, though he could not help feeling that something had gone out of life—something dear to him had vanished.

OVER the week-end before Thanksgiving the Bears rested. Eddy utilized the Saturday by taking a short walk up Spring Canyon, a precipitous gorge that opened into the mountain range back of the campus. Here he was enjoying himself scratching among the dead leaves for acorns from the scrub oaks and throwing stones against the precipitous opposite side of the gorge when he came face to face with Marjorie. She was mounted on a rangy sorrel horse, and Eddy thought he had never seen her so beautiful. Somehow her brown eyes caught some of the sparkle of the sunshine, and the ruddy color of the cliffs was reflected in her cheeks.

"Hello, Eddy," she called.

EDDY'S heart thumped at the joyful note in her voice. After all he had been hungry to see her.

"Hello, Marj—orie," he trumpeted back, his voice atremble. He could not just then call her merely Marj.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment and then both broke into a shaky laugh. The horse she was riding pranced nervously until Eddy seized him by the bit.

"I want to talk to you, Eddy," she said. "Help me off."

She held out her hand and Eddy took it in his own, thrilling to his toes as she leaned upon him in dismounting.

After Eddy had tied the bridle reins to a scrub oak near by, they seated themselves on a large flat stone at the canyon's edge.

"I'm glad to see you, Eddy," she said after they were comfortable. "You've been avoiding me lately—'fess up."

"Guilty," Eddy replied. "Thought you didn't care for—Cactus Blossoms."

SHE laid both of her slender hands on his as it rested on his knee, and looked up into his eyes.

"I must have hurt you terribly, Eddy," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," he answered. "I had it—have it comin'. I didn't know 'till then that I lacked the spines."

"I'm troubled, Eddy," she went on.

"What about?" he asked immediately eager.

"About Dad," she replied wistfully, and he thought he could see tears in her eyes. "He's taking this coaching job very seriously this year—more seriously than he's ever done."

"How come?"

"He says Glendon must win this year or—or—." He was sure of the tears now. "He loves Glendon. If he doesn't win, it'd break his heart and the hearts of the whole family. I'm just sure of that."

EDDY laid his hand on hers. He felt heroic inside.

"The Bears'll win, all right," he assured her. "They're goin' great."

"Not so great," she answered. "Dad likes Brig tremendously, but he's afraid of him against St. Francis. Brig isn't safe enough; he doesn't pass perfectly; he sometimes gets excited in the pinches."

Eddy felt that all of the statements contained some truth. So, Coach McCarthy did share his judgment in that regard.

"Now, Eddy, you can help," she went on.

"How?" he asked surprised.

"By playing quarter," she responded, her eyes searching his.

He laughed uncomfortably.

"Yeah?" he questioned ironically, "but your father doesn't share your opinion. I've been out to practice all the time—ever since the Clarke game. But I've spent my time with the reserves. Brig has run the team."

"I know all that," she replied, impatiently. "Dad tells me a lot of things—because I'm interested in the game. But, Eddy, he believes in you more than in anybody else."

"I didn't take myself into the reserves," he replied bitterly. "He did that."

"You're wrong, Eddy; you did that," she contradicted. "He told you what to do; you didn't do it."

"Cactus Blossoms," he muttered bitterly. "You're right, Marj, I did that, but what am I to do now?"

"You are going to play quarter against St. Francis," she replied firmly. "Eddy, you can save the Bears and—us."

"I wish I could believe it," he replied. Yet you, yourself said that I'm too sweet—no spines—all blossoms—perfume—and color." [*Continued on page 116*]

FOODS FOR HEALTH

Let Christmas Cakes Bring Christmas Cheer

By
ADAH R. NAYLOR

WE are once again confronted with the time-worn question, "What shall I give my family and friends for Christmas?" In yester-years when autumn came with its long cool evenings the women members of the household gathered round the sitting-room lamp with their needlework. There was much tucking and featherstitching, punching of holes and filling in, fashioning of fancy articles of underclothing and designing of doilies and centerpieces, all as gifts for Christmas. But along came Henry Ford and the movies, and the ways of living and doing were greatly changed.

Woman has ever been an extremist and since it was impossible for a successful driver of an automobile to be dressed in ruffles and furbelows, long trailing skirts and Merry Widow hats perched high on piles of artificial hair, she abandoned the entire mode of the time and went to the other extreme. She cut her hair, shortened her skirts and made herself comfortable in the smallest amount of clothing possible. Many of her evenings were spent at the movies and since the fashion in dress no longer called for fancy underclothing she discontinued her stitching and ribbon threading.

Then, too, the age of machinery brought in mass production, and it became easy to buy novel and attractive articles of all kinds cheaper than they could be made at home, so that generally speaking the old time custom of making ones Christmas gifts went into the discard. But there are still women who like to give a personal touch to their Christmas gifts and to their question of "What shall I give?" There is no better answer than "A Christmas Cake"—especially if the gift is for the boy or girl away at college, the missionary out in the mission field, or the business woman in a small apartment.

A fruit cake with its "sugar and spice and everything nice" will keep for a long time. It can be attractively wrapped, easily packed and sent by mail without fear of breakage. The best thing for wrapping is a new transparent paper called Cellophane—it will keep the cake fresh and moist and protect it from contamination—Christmas cakes should be made early in December as they are better when they have stood a while and mellowed, than they are when freshly baked. Wise is the woman who has her gifts selected, wrapped and decorated early, thus avoiding the confusion of the last minute holiday rush.

Cake Making

"She's a natural born cake maker" is an expression sometimes heard, but cake makers are *made* not *born*. True, cake making is an art, but anyone young or old, large or small can acquire the art with patience and a little practice. Four things are necessary—*good materials, tested recipes, correct measurements, right oven temperature,*

The old fashioned cook did most of her measuring and testing by *ear*—or rather by the *look* and *feel*. The thing the hand and eye does daily becomes in time more or less of a science, but unless accurate measurements are made, cooked foods will always vary in their perfection. The old time recipes were given something like this—"For Baking Powder Biscuits you take a half sieve full of flour—for a large family a little more, a small family a little less. Add salt and 2 or 3 teaspoons of baking powder, depending on the amount of flour used. With your fingers rub into the flour about 1/4 pound of butter, you can tell by the *feel* when you have enough. Then stir in the milk, enough to make a thick dough. Bake in a hot oven." An experienced cook might follow this recipe with some success, but a beginner would suffer many failures. Today recipes are tested in well equipped laboratories and if materials are good, and the recipes carefully followed the results are always the same.

Materials

Eggs—They should be cold and fresh so that they will beat up lightly and have an untainted flavor. Eggs are made light by beating—forcing in air. The whites should be beaten to the point where they are stiff enough to hold up in peaks. After that further beating only serves to break the film and let the air escape. When beaten they should be used immediately because if allowed to stand their own weight will make them fall.

Butter or fat—This should be fresh and soft. It is well to take it out of the ice box an hour or so before using in the winter, and a few minutes before using in summer weather.

Sugar—The brown and powdered sugar should be sifted and the granulated should be *fine grained*.

Flour—There are two kinds especially prepared, *cake flour* and all-purpose or *bread flour*. Both should be well milled and dry.

[*Continued on page 124*]

"Here's Dad," greeted Mrs. MacBride smiling up into his face.

Who Sent Santa Claus?

By
GRANT ALLYN CAPRONI

Illustrated by Nelson White

"WONDER what MacBride will do now, 'Stell?" asked Walter Goodhue, calling from his comfortable couch to his wife, busy in the kitchen preparing the Sunday dinner. "I hear they've listed their place with Roylance's. No job, taxes due, fifty dollars a month on that house and no gas for that fine new car."

"I feel terrible about it," answered Mrs. Goodhue, entering the parlor doorway and looking thoughtfully out across the sparsely settled Sudley Springs Addition.

I FELT right along that they were spreading too much and wanting to show up their neighbors. Last summer Mac got to telling me all about the investments they were carrying with National Thrift, the building and loan societies, three hundred dollars a year on insurance policies and other things. Then he turns suddenly on me and wants to know how much insurance I am carrying."

"Showing up their neighbors? Why Walter, you know as well as I do that Mac hasn't a stuck-up hair in his head. His question was one of friendly interest." Mrs. Goodhue continued to wipe a bowl she held in her hand, meditating. "His heart is all wrapped up in that home and family of his," said Mrs. Goodhue, returning to the kitchen sink, "and I admire him for it. Look how Mrs. MacBride went out and nursed when she wasn't well herself, to help meet payments when they were building. It's just a pity if anything happens to them."

STELL, a draftsman's job in this man's town is a mighty uncertain disease when things are favorable, but when you inject political hazards into it, that's worse yet. Mac was a draftsman in the government's employ. You know what a rotten political mess that is. Before plunging like Mac has, it seems to me that I would surely have pictured in my mind what Mac has had to actually experience in order to see it. Maybe I'm seeing things, but it does seem to me he's been a little higher in the air with his chin than he was when they lived in the cabin."

"Why do you persist in saying that, dear? Because he is a college man and a little out of our class there are some on this street who wish they could find something wrong with him. Didn't he janitor the meeting house free of charge one winter when he had four hundred gymnasium pupils on his hands? Scrubbing the floors every Saturday while others who were so ignorant they could hardly sign their names, were holding down the offices?"

* * *

IT was nearly dark when Loring MacBride stopped in front of his house. A heavy fog filled the cold wet air adding gloom to his depressed spirits. In and out of office buildings in the congested business district and through sparsely settled sections to various industrial plants he had tramped through slush and snow all the day, seeking work, with always the same response. "We're laying men off instead of taking them on." And, "Sorry, but we have nothing to offer." Or, "We have a couple of girls who do all our drafting."

And Christmas only three weeks away! What would he say to loyal little Katie who lived the whole year waiting for Christmas? And poor little Martha, not old enough to understand. Then again, he wondered, as he had a hundred times before, where and how he might borrow a little money for Christmas. The car was sold. Among his friends there was not one to whom he might go for financial help. He could not raise another cent on the house.

STOICALLY he strode into the house, his senses benumbed from unending thinking, anxiety and misery, and with no word of greeting, his face expressionless except for the same look of dumb suffering it had borne of late, he stood before them. Mrs. MacBride and the two little daughters were huddled about the kitchen stove, the family rendezvous since they left off using the furnace.

"Here's Dad," greeted Mrs. MacBride, smiling up into his face. Katie clung to him and little Martha's first words were to inquire if he had seen Santa Claus.

Even the kitchen, he thought, seemed dingy of late, as he looked up dismally at the ceiling light. He glanced at the stove. There would be potatoes and gravy and boiled onions for supper.

MACBRIDE removed his overcoat and sank heavily into a chair by the stove. His elbows went to his knees and his chin to his palms. No one talked as the children helped their mother set the table. What a different home from this time last year! The shouts of joy which had gone up when he entered the house after work, and the deluge of Christmas prattle. The parlor was dark and cold. The fireplace had not been lighted once this Winter. Where were the childish decorations and laughter and letters to Santa Claus? The squares on the linoleum floor ran together. Mrs. MacBride kissed away a lone forbidden tear and whispered something to him.

"Dad, do you remember," asked Katie suddenly, "the time I prayed that the lights would come on again in that awful storm, and sure enough they did?"

"And we're going to have a Christmas and Santa will surely come," interposed little Martha.

"Dad," Katie went on, "do you remember the time they made you talk in Church and you said you knew God answered prayers? You still believe it, don't you?"

"Yes, darling, when it's for the best. Of course sometimes we are carried away by our impulses and ask for things we later see would not have been right and then God has to get us straightened out again."

"Is it right to ask for Santa to come?"

"Yes, darling. Yes, Katie."

BRAVELY, each morning Mr. MacBride would go forth searching for work. He no longer confined himself to his own profession as he sought work but would inquire wherever likelihood of employment was possible. Walking south on State street he turned suddenly into a restaurant with a sign in the front window "Dishwasher Wanted." The position was already filled but the proprietor had forgotten to remove the sign. Then he went to a warehouse down near the railroad yards where work had been partially promised to him. But the man who was to cause a vacancy had decided to retain his job.

He had not gone far from the warehouse when he was hailed by a hearty young voice. Harry Holler drove up to the curb, stopped short and threw a leg over the Ford door. He once took mechanical drawing in MacBride's class in one of the local high schools.

"Say, Mac, I was coming over to see you tonight. I want to get your advice on something. I have a couple of offers and I'm stuck which to take. They're both drafting jobs with one-fifty per, and promise of a permanent job with a raise after I've learned the biz."

A SHADOW crossed Mac's face. And in that shadow, silhouetted against the sunshine of happier days stood the little family with the smiles he had always looked forward to seeing when returning home from work. The scene dissolved into the somber gray of the present moment. He could see the hole in the sole of dear little Katie's shoe, discovered by her mother. He tried to choke down the bitterness that rose within him. Girls and high school lads getting, almost without effort, jobs which married men with families would be glad to have. Inwardly he cursed the man who was always saying that life is what we make it. The lad rattled on while Mac meditated. After

A Christmas Message

THE Christmas chimes are telling,
In your highly Christian town,
Of peace and joy to men—the while
Dark night is mantling down.

But lo! A lonely chorus comes
From city streets—so drear,
It stirs the soul with bitterness
And dims the Christmas cheer.

From pavement damp, the rhythm sounds—
Through fog and smoky air—
Of little children's pattering feet;
Stung blue with cold, and bare.

Beneath the street lamps glistening—
With mist and tears wet through,
The hungry little urchins
Turn their faces up to you.

Kind friends, this joyful Christmastide,
Christ's love for man display;
Give comfort to the needy ones
In fellowship today!

—*Weston N. Nordgren.*

he had finished and MacBride had duly weighed the facts as presented, he advised him the position to accept.

"Harry."

"Yes, Mac."

"If I remember correctly, you took less than a half a year in the three-year drafting course, or was it the four-year one?"

"The four-year course."

"And have you had any further training or experience since?"

"No, Mac, I haven't."

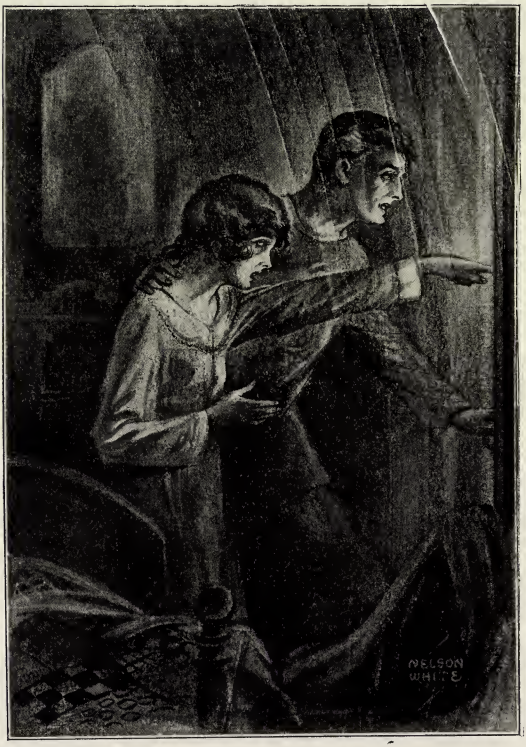
"Well, Harry, how do you get these jobs? I have been to both of those firms and they told me they had nothing in sight."

"I'll tell you how it is Mac. Both of the men who are offering me these jobs owe my dad political debts and that is the way they want to pay them off."

MACBRIDE walked dejectedly down the street. Of what value was his college degree and years of experience in such a situation? Christmas only four days away! Dark thoughts crowded in on him. He walked over to one of the railroad passenger stations to watch a train pull in, and idle away his time for he knew well the futility of seeking work with so forlorn a countenance as his. Mac had never learned to hide his feelings.

Returning home early that afternoon, he entered the basement and went to his den. There stood his guitar, untouched the past two months, and dusty. He stared at it without seeing it. His experiments on valve gears, turbines and link mechanisms lay there too, untouched, forgotten. He went into the provision room. There were a scant few bottles of fruit left over from the year before last. He turned to the coal bin. Would the coal hold out till after Christmas?

That night MacBride went into the children's chamber to hear their bedtime prayers. Little Martha's first utterance was to ask God to send Santa Claus, and Katie prayed too, for Santa to come, laying before the Lord her reasons why he should be sent, what he should bring and that he must not forget Mrs. Cox who was always doing a kind deed for others. "And Father," concluded little Katie, "we'll leave the front door unlocked so Santa can get in with a big pack, and don't forget the poor blind lady on Seventh street."



They stand in their tracks—stupified.

EARLY in the forenoon of the day before Christmas it began to snow and by noon the landscape lay under a heavy blanket of white. There were muffled sounds of voices passing in the street. Once a horse went trotting by with two sleds hitched behind. Mrs. MacBride could make out two figures on the sled, and the horse's sleigh bells made a soft far-away sound. She made molasses candy and baked some cakes and cookies, after which she gave a few final touches to two small dresses she made out of her wedding dress; the dress poor Mac liked so much. For a moment the bronze and blue of love's memories lent glory to the sky and she forgot the present. Then the terror of reality began to overtake her. Tonight would be Christmas Eve. From the playroom in the basement came the sounds of Martha's sweet little voice in song—happy, trusting, unsuspecting, and untouched by the desperation eating at her mother's heart.

For the first time, June MacBride gave way to despair. Crumpled up at the foot of the couch, she shook with convulsive sobbing. Oh, the naked disillusionment of shattered faith. What would she do Christmas morning when the children ran into the parlor? Would they stop short at the door, unable to believe their eyes? No tree! Empty stockings! There would be two little parcels done up in newspaper and a dish of miserable molasses candy on the mantel!

* * *

"Well, good land!"

THE distracted woman looked up with a start, her eyes two great red circles.

"What's all this mean?" It was Mrs. Ash who had walked quietly in. Mr. MacBride had often de-

clared that Mrs. Ash was a good-luck sign, and Mrs. MacBride inwardly rejoiced at the sight of her good neighbor.

Mrs. MacBride said little but the discerning eye of Mrs. Ash saw much.

"Well," said the good neighbor, "I don't know how it will happen, but I feel that it will all come out all right, somehow."

IT was with renewed hope that Mrs. MacBride got to her feet after Mrs. Ash had gone. When Katie returned from school the mother and two girls played together for a long while. Even Baby John caught the spirit and cooed his part with vigor. Mr. MacBride was later getting home. Where was he? His wife felt sure his delay meant something hopeful. At last he came. How despairing to have one's hopes buoyed up only to fall to earth again! One glance at the broken-spirited man was enough. At the supper table Katie gradually sensed the situation. Both parents were looking down at their plates when Katie spoke.

"Don't feel bad, Mother dear. We've said our prayers, you know. Tomorrow we will all be laughing."

"Darling."

"Yes, Daddy dear."

"This year Santa has found many, many little tots who are far worse off than we are. Now if poor Santa tries hard but does not succeed in getting this far, Dad's own little girls won't feel too bad, will they?"

A faint "No, Daddy dear" came from Katie.

"You know, Katie, poor Dad has been out of work so long that he hasn't a cent to give Santa—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted the trustful child. "Heavenly Father can get all the money in the world if he wants it and he is the one who will send Santa!"

* * *

IT is almost morning. The snow lies deep in great billowy expanses and the great bright moon lends stern reality to the biting cold. The wind is rising. The branches of the naked trees are shaking and swaying in a wild fandango. The door of a neighboring shed bangs and bangs, and a tub or a bucket, suddenly loosened from its moorings, goes tumbling noisily down the back steps of a nearby house, losing itself in the fast drifting snow. Mrs. MacBride has not so much as dozed for an instant. Her feet are cold, though she perspires, and her brain seems burning away. She listens to the heavy troubled breathing of her husband. Once she has caught a broken fragment of a half smothered groan, the subconscious hysteria of a man.

Listen! What was that? Has the time come? Are the children slipping into the parlor? She raises on an elbow. The children's room is dark and still. Gratefully she drops back on her comfortless pillow. Listen! Surely that is a noise. She raises her head slightly. Involuntarily her breathing stops. Someone is walking in stockinged feet. No, it must be only her heart beating. Her hand clutches at her throat. There is no mistaking it this time. She sits upright, staring with wild eyes. The crevice between the parlor door and its jamb discloses a light. There is a low strange noise as though papers were being untied. Panic-stricken she is about to rouse her husband, but another sound arrests her attention—the unmistakable whine of a mama-doll. She struggles to throw the thought out of her mind. How foolish to believe! The inevitable disappointment to follow will be more than she can stand. Wait! That is a queer brushing sound with tinklings. The same noises he made last year when she arranged the tree.

A SWITCH snaps. The light in the crevice is brighter. Cautiously Mrs. MacBride slips over the foot of the bed and peers through the keyhole. Sure enough, someone is filling the stockings. Now he has turned partly her way. He is smiling and chuckling as he surveys his work. The switch snaps again, leaving the room utterly dark. Then a great hoarse shout rends the night air: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" The front door slams. Loring MacBride springs to his feet. Mrs. MacBride throws her arms about him and in fits of sobbing tells him Santa has come and Katie's prayers are answered. Together they steal into the room, switching on the light and looking back to make sure the children are not awake. They stand in their tracks — stupefied. Speechless, they look upon a beautiful tree with mounds of parcels, packages, bundles and toys heaped about it. MacBride is first to recover. He steps up to the tree and takes hold of an envelope. There is writing on both sides of it. "*Do not open until after breakfast.*" Mrs. MacBride makes toward one corner of the room. There, in a heap, are groceries, a dressed turkey and everything to go into a Christmas dinner.

* * *

At breakfast the letter, opened, read:

"*Dear Sir:*

"*On my way down from*

[*Continued on page 123*]

They see a tree with mounds of parcels heaped about it.

Music is Everywhere

What are You Going to Do About It?

By

OSBOURNE McCONATHY

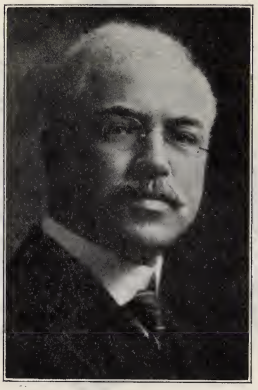
MUSIC today is our constant companion. The steady development of music in the schools, the popularity of the phonograph, the advent of sound pictures, and especially the universality of the radio, have brought music into the most remote corners of our land. The loud speaker melodizes our business blocks and the wilderness resounds with the portable phonograph. No one who cares for music need now be deprived of its pleasures.

With this practical universality achieved it becomes the problem of every thinking young man and woman to figure out just what his or her attitude is to be toward music. Just what may music mean to us; is it something to be cultivated, appreciated, or merely endured? It can't be escaped: how can we make the most of the inevitable situation?

IT has not been so many years since the pursuit of music involved such serious effort and expense that only the talented had the industry and persistency to attempt more than the most superficial acquaintance. Moreover we Americans have been so preoccupied with developing our natural resources that we have been rather indifferent to the cultivation of our inner resources for finer and richer living. Concentration on farming, commerce, industry, and high finance have had a tendency to absorb our interest to the exclusion of attention to matters of culture. Art, literature, and music have taken a comparatively small place in the intensive activities of our national life.

But times are rapidly changing. When such great leaders in our business world as Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan, George Eastman, Otto H. Kahn, and many others emphasize so strongly the value of cultivating our aesthetic natures, it may well be worth our while to give more than passing consideration to this viewpoint of these successful men. There is a world of suggestion in comparing the mere noisy efficiency of Ford's early model with the efficiency-plus-beauty of his present output.

MUSIC has always been a source of pleasure. When we observe the enjoyment which musical people get from listening to a beautiful composition or the satisfaction they derive from participating in a musical performance, we can realize what possibilities music offers to all of us. For with its constantly growing availability comes ever increasing opportunity for more people to partake of its joys. But while even the most casual listener derives some fun from certain kinds of music, a far deeper enjoyment comes to the purposeful listener. There are lots of people who are perfectly satisfied with merely haphazard acquaintance with music, but those who are concerned with making the most of life will not be content with such casual contacts. The worth-while person wants to know what his reactions are and to decide what he is "going to do about it."



THE AUTHOR

Suppose we consider some of the musical opportunities now available for most young people, and the way they may be utilized by those who wish to make the most of them.

FIRST of all, there is the music offered by schools. In most schools today there are several branches of music study open to the students: chorus, orchestra, band, classes in appreciation, and occasionally others. Sometimes these courses are truly superior, with splendid teachers, fine equipment, credit for work done, and enthusiastic groups of students. In other instances offerings are meager and instructors limited in ability. In either case it is well to remember that the benefits from these offerings will be just in proportion to the interest and effort which the student brings to them. Where the classes are well organized and the instruction capable and inspiring the student's part is simple and easy. But even under these favorable circumstances he should not be lulled into the false assumption that he has merely to sit passively and let the instruction be poured into him. It is the student's efforts and not those of the teacher that determine what pleasure and profit he is to get from the class. When, on the other hand, the offerings are limited or the instructor is weak or poorly prepared, as sometimes unavoidably is the case, the student "cuts off his own nose to spite his face" by refusing to elect music or by carelessness, indifference or inattention in class. Three or four eager and active students who are determined to make the most of circumstances can change an almost impossible situation to one teeming with worth-while interest. Often one interested student possessed of zest and initiative can vitalize the spirit of an entire school. There are numerous instances of students taking such initiative in instituting school orchestras and bands, and starting organizations to which the authorities later were glad to give

official sanction and support. If you believe that music can be a purposeful part of your life, it is not necessary to wait for your school to surround you with attractive opportunities. Your own interest and initiative and the cooperation of a few sympathetically minded fellow students is enough. Give your hearty support to the situation as you find it, and if conditions need improving, then help to make them better.

INCIDENTALLY a word may be helpful with respect to joining an orchestra or band. Of course if you play well you are in a position to decide as to whether or not the instrumental group is one to which you are proud to belong, one which your participation can improve, or one so poor that your best efforts cannot help it. But let me remind you that the poor sportsmanship sometimes shown by a good player who stands aloof from his less talented schoolmates in their efforts to develop an orchestra or band is quite as unworthy as similar poor sportsmanship on the athletic field. But if you play poorly or not at all the situation is by no means hopeless, as there are several possibilities open to you. One of these is to undertake an instrument requiring slight technical skill, such as several of the percussion instruments, eg. the triangle, the bass drum, the cymbals, etc. These instruments offer possibilities for useful participation in which you may enjoy many of the advantages of ensemble experience. But do not cherish the delusion that even such instruments may be played without care and practice. Effective artistry on any instrument necessitates concentrated devotion. Another possibility is to undertake the study of one of the less common instruments. The leader will welcome and assist in every possible way an ambitious beginner on the double bass, the viola, the alto or French horn, or several other much desired but inconspicuous instruments. There are few more enjoyable musical experiences than membership in even the most humble capacity in a good instrumental ensemble.

NEARLY every community has its public library. Has your library a good collection of music reference books and of interesting books about musicians and on musical subjects? You may be sure that the library board will be only too happy to build up this department if it is made clear to them that there will be a call for such books. Go to the library and express this desire, and see that others who feel the same way do likewise.

How about the music in your church and Sunday School? Is there a choir to which you may belong? Do you join heartily in the congregational singing? Do you help make the organist feel more deeply interested in his part of the service by letting him know that some of the congregation are listening to his playing? Church and Sunday School music often offer splendid opportunities for enjoyable musical experience or for worthy and acceptable service.

NO reference has yet been made to concert attendance or other community musical activities. While in the great cities there are usually splendid concerts for the music-loving public, these are not always available to the student because of expense, time, distance, or other reasons. In the smaller places comparatively few good concerts are given. But in any situation it is most important to take advantage of whatever concert opportunities there are. Also, whenever possible, the really interested and ambitious listener will endeavor to prepare himself for the concert by playing over the music in advance, by hearing it on phonograph records, or by reading about the composition, the composer, or the performer. In many places where other concerts are rare, the school or community band may occasionally be heard, and such appearances should be welcomed. The attendance of interested listeners will encourage the band and its leader to do their best and to work for improvement both in programs and performance.

Osbourne McConathy

MR. McCONATHY needs no introduction to many Era readers, having been a speaker at the U. E. A. in 1928, and a leading author of school books for grades, high schools and colleges. Thirty-five years ago he went into the schools of Louisville, Ky., where for some years he was supervisor of music, conductor of choruses, leader of orchestras, etc. After this he was in the schools of Chelsea, Mass., before going into the School of Music at Northwestern University, where for twelve years he was very prominent. Since then he has made New York his headquarters, where he writes music books, does a bit of lecturing, and acts as consulting specialist in musical education. He has been a particularly popular guest professor at the summer sessions of various schools. Northwestern, Columbia, Southern California, Berkeley and this last year at our own Utah Agricultural College.

ANOTHER community enterprise which is practicable alike to large and small places is the Music Study Club. To meet with other people who are eager to enjoy music and to know more about it, to play and sing for each other, and to read interesting books about music—these are certainly enjoyable and stimulating experiences. To be sure, not every one may be a skillful performer. But if emphasis is directed to the music under consideration rather than to the personality of the one who is playing, the absence of special talent need not prove embarrassing. Often music studied at school may be brought into the home or the club. Sometimes the phonograph or player piano can contribute to the meeting by presenting compositions which are beyond the technical powers of any of the club members.

BUT of all the devices which serve our beck and call, the radio seems to be the chief reason for the omnipresence of music. Indeed, so persistent is its raucous voice, that it often is considered more a nuisance than a desirable factor in modern life. Far be it from me to preach the muzzling of the radio. That is a matter which each must decide for himself. I know there are homes where the radio is turned on the first thing in the morning and turned off with the last lights at night (that is, unless we forget to turn it off), and life goes on practically unconscious of the noise except for a nervous stimulation that "peps" up the day. Then there are other people whose chief interest in radio seems to be the dis-

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"Now you're a beauty, too, but in rather a different way."

Expatriation

By
HUGH J. CANNON

Chapter Five

Illustrated by
Paul C. Clowes

NELL told her story simply. It was the more pathetic because of her efforts to leave out of it all tragedy and personal heroism. The young fellow listened with less astonishment than she had anticipated. Before the account was entirely finished he broke in impetuously:

"But there's not a thing in this history to keep me from saying what I came from Ellice Island to tell you. I love you and want you to be my wife. You can make me as happy as an admiral and at the same time solve your own troubles."

"No, my dear friend, it can't ever be. You are gallant and gen-

erous, but such a step, instead of solving troubles would multiply them. Besides, although he plead insistently, I refused to marry the man to whom I was engaged and I loved him as I shall never love anyone else."

PERHAPS I can't win as much love as he once had. I don't know about that. But if you'll let me try I'll promise to make you love me a good bit. You're white clear through — blood's as white as your spirit. And anyway those things aren't looked at here as they are by your aristocratic friends."

"Nate begged for permission to come with me to Samoa and spend his life here. If marriage were to be considered he naturally would be my choice. No, Dick, may I call you Dick tonight? Such happiness is not for me."

"But my dear girl, I can't believe there is even a sixteenth of colored blood in your veins. In an amateurish sort of way I've studied these peoples and the products of mixed marriages. Will you forgive me when I say that I have studied you ever since learning you were a daughter of John Z. Terry? And I cannot make myself believe your blood is anything but pure white."

A TINY seed of hope awoke to life in the girl's soul but it was transitory, having nothing in which to fasten root.

"But, Dick, with the same breath that tells me you believe me all white, you confess to suspicions of my mother. Else why did you study me?"

The young man had no ready answer and the other continued:

"You knew my mother. Tell me honestly how she was considered by the whites—by your own parents, for example?"

OFFICER HAWLEY did not find it easy to meet the earnest, pleading eyes and voice of the attractive girl. His too palpable embarrassment could not be concealed.

"Come!" she insisted. "There is no need for hesitation; you can do nothing more than confirm what I already know. Even the little children knew my mother was not pure white, didn't they? And after learning my identity, this information, never forgotten through all these years, was revived, and you watched to see if any evidence of Fijian blood could be detected. You fail to see any and decide to ask my hand in marriage, thinking if such taint is not apparent in me it will not be in my offspring. But I am answering the question for you," she said almost bitterly. "You have already indicated your knowledge that my mother was not white. Did you know she was a Fijian?"

"Oh, Miss Nell! Why do you insist on nailing me to the cross like this? I'm not that cold-blooded."

"Forgive me for my bitterness. I didn't intend to reproach you, but I must insist upon an honest answer."

"Well, I did hear, as a small boy and quite by accident, that Mrs. Terry was part Fijian."

IT was wrong of me, Dick, to insist upon an answer. And what do I get out of it? Just what I expected, confirmation of an odious truth. I've thought my bark was cut adrift from its anchorage, but now I feel that it, too, is on the reef, and the watchers are as impotent to render help as they were in your story."

"But, girl, you will break down under such stern discipline. Can't I hope that you will relax and be more human?"

"Hope! Have you ever been on the desert and seen a mirage? That's what hope would be in my case. It could lead to nothing but disappointment."

"Please do not consider my question impertinent, but do you and this man Everett correspond?"

"I have never written him, but he has disobeyed me and pleads that I come home or let him come here to live. My father, Mr. Redfield, got a promise from him that he would not see me without my own or his consent. Father will never give permission without first obtaining mine. And mine will never be given."

IT was the first time she had mentioned Nate's name

"A schooner which traded among the Samoan and adjacent groups."

to anyone but herself since good-bye was said in Honolulu. To speak of him and to confess the love she still cherished, but must subdue, was too much. She broke down completely.

"Poor little heroine!" Dick said sympathetically after a long silence. "I have an idea of how you suffer. I love you as intensely as it is in my power to love, but will you believe this positive truth, that I would give my life for your happiness? If I ever become convinced that you'll never marry me, I'll persuade you to go home and marry my rival. But please get this firmly fixed in your mind. I've been trained as a fighting man, the greater the obstacles, the harder the fight, and I'll not abandon hope of winning you for myself. In spite of hurricanes and reefs you'll always find me, like Admiral Kimberly, on the bridge fighting until the ship is saved or lost, but unlike the old sea dog, I'll save the ship."

"Don't run your vessel heedlessly on the reef. It's late, Dick. Please take me home," was her only comment.

A SAD-EYED, disconsolate young woman looked back at Nell from her mirror as she made her toilette on the morning following the boat ride. The night had been populous with ghosts whose spectral hands snatched happiness away each time she attempted to grasp it. Dick's suggestion that she was too harsh with herself, offered as it seemed almost casually, had found lodgment in her brain, and doubt as to the correctness of her position added to her other troubles. Had he pursued the thought vigorously she would have fought and expelled it, but left to itself it had insidiously gained some foothold. Another thing greatly surprised and startled her. She felt more than a transient pleasure in Dick's statement that he was a fighting man and would never abandon hope.

But, she concluded, it wasn't that she cared for Dick except as a delightful acquaintance; she was starving for affection, to see her father and mother, Nate, Jessie. Her feelings had been pent up so long, like a steam boiler with the safety valve closed, that an explosion was imminent.

LATER in the day she resolutely headed Dick off as he was about to repeat the declaration of the night before and said good-bye with a smile so blithe that it was apparent the lieutenant's fighting spirit was put to the test. For her part she made her way homeward, with heavy heart, to the cottage which now seemed unbearably lonely.

Once there, she picked up her doll, the childish plaything which had been brought to share her banishment. Her own father had sent to New Zealand for it and had given it to her the Christmas before he died. Talita, the name given it, had been her companion ever since.

"It's because I'm so homesick," she persisted in telling herself. "Dick is nothing more to me than an old friend. His boyish kindness made me, a mere baby, love him and his many qualities have resurrected that love. But my regard for him now is as innocent as it was then—and of the same character. If I were free to marry of course I should consider no one but Nate. Free to marry! I'm adding to my misery even to permit the thought to enter my mind. My real father's attitude must never determine mine. This doll is the only babe ever to be pressed to my bosom; I am never to know the sweetness of my own baby's hand upon my neck."

THE girl was sure Nate was the embodiment of chivalry and honor. Nothing could tempt him to waver in devotion to her as long as any ties bound them together; but now these ties were all severed; he was released from every obligation to her and she herself had urged him to find forgetfulness in the society of other worthy young ladies. No doubt sooner or later he would avail himself of this freedom. To Dick no promise had been given or implied. So long as he was stationed in this vicinity, seeing her occasionally and deprived of the association of other girls, he might go on fighting, but once away she would be a mere memory as she had been for twenty years. Both men would marry elsewhere; better for her to become reconciled to the inevitable.

Her thoughts without proper guidance ran wildly from the past to the present and future. But confusedly she determined to reconstruct her defenses. She must never give up the fight. Only one thing, she wisely concluded, would keep her from utter collapse. That was hard work.

WITH seemingly exhaustless energy and strength during succeeding days she pursued her self-appointed duties. Among

Merry Christmas, Friend

'TIS early eventide. Through skies of gray
The rose hues of the sinking sun
Send out their good-night beams
To kiss the drooping eyes of sleepy earth
And bid her quietly repose.
The breezes stir, and stately silhouetted trees
Show plainly as the sinking sun
Clothes them in robes of amethyst and gold.
And as the last rays slip away
The snowflakes, slowly falling
Seem to pause, and bid the sun good-night,
Then drift on down to earth and nestle there
Content to know their work is done.
Above, the stars begin to twinkle overhead,
A million diamonds in a sea of blue;
Their silvery light serene and clear
Reflecting through the falling snow.
A cloud of dull transparent thinness
Moves lazily along, and as it passes
The moonlight meets the starlight
And all the world is bathed in glorious sheen.
Silent, tranquil night!
Serenely calm and beautiful to see;
Oh rest in peace;
Let all the world in reverence bow—
Tonight is Christmas Eve.
And with the dawn of Christmas Day
From lands both far and near
In song and book and every way
Will come the Christmas cheer.
"Health, happiness, and luck, Old Friend,
I want them all, for you;
Along with these I want to send
Good wishes, not a few.
For Old Time's sake; you'll understand,
These things I want to say;
I mean it, Merry Christmas, Friend,
May Heaven bless your way;
A Happy New Year, also, Friend,
For each and every day."

—*Blanche Robbins.*

other things she had responded to the invitation of one of the Church of England missionaries and was conducting the school which his wife, because of poor health, had been obliged to relinquish. The alert children sat in a semi-circle about her on the pebble floor, their dark faces, lustrous eyes and glistening teeth making a charming picture.

It was customary for them upon assembling to commence with scriptural quotations, and Nell was greatly surprised at the number of passages with which they were familiar. It touched her deeply when a little maid with cherubic face lisped in broken English, "Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord: and he shall give thee the desires of thy heart." Emboldened by the pleased smile, the child continued: "Mother say 'Misi Re'field' do good and she'll live long time with us."

"If I am doing good, little one," came softly from the teacher, "the Lord is giving me the desires of my heart. I have no other desire which can possibly be fulfilled."

AMONG the natives and those of mixed blood, Nell found many intelligent and beautiful characters. Robert Emmett, named after Robert Louis Stevenson, who was a dear friend of the Emmett family, and his wife Lena, both of them half white, became her intimate associates. Young Emmett was interested in a schooner which traded among the Samoan and adjacent groups of islands. Often Nell had promised herself and them to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Emmett on one of these trips. Upon renewal of the invitation she consented, and late one afternoon they left Apia with Gardner Islands of the Phoenix group as their destination.

No highly polished mirror could be smoother than was the sea. The lustrous colors of a perfect tropical sunset were artistically mingled with the changeable verdure of the shore. Before them, on their right hand, was the island of Savaii which disputes with Hawaii the honor of being the original home of the Polynesian race.

GRADUALLY the colorful picture was supplanted by one less brilliant but no less beautiful; mellow purples and yellows replaced the brighter hues. Gazing oceanward one could not be sure where sky and water met; apparently one contained as many luminous bodies as the other. Of course the north star and the great bear could not be seen, but the southern cross was readily discernible.

Immediately west of Samoa lies the imaginary 180th meridian, and someone has said that here the traveler sails from today into day after tomorrow. The Emmett party left Apia Tuesday afternoon and when they got up on the following morning it was Thursday. The lost day could be recovered only by crossing this same line traveling eastward when, if it were traversed on Wednesday the following day would be Wednesday also.

THE love of adventure was strong upon Nell and each hour brought with it a rich load of delight. The Emmetts were companionable; the accommodations, though in no manner resembling those of an ocean liner, were adequate and comfortable. While depending usually upon the wind for motive power, the boat possessed a small gasoline engine which could be used in a calm and in working its way in and out of the intricate harbors, guarded

"Nelly was deuced smart and clever."

as most of them are by coral reefs. That these are extremely dangerous is attested by the numerous hulks of wrecked vessels so common in the South Pacific.

Even Nell's dependable nerves were not strong enough to witness without an occasional scream the shark fishing which they saw upon arrival at the harbor at Gardner Island. In other places she had seen the natives use large pieces of pork as bait in their fishing, but here they were using nothing less than human beings for such hazardous purpose. The harbor swarmed with man-eating sharks which, though urged on by appetite and curiosity, were rather shy and would not venture too near the boats of the fishermen.

TO attract attention, natives with ropes fastened around their waists would jump into the water. Nell could not restrain a terrified shriek as one of the swimmers got fairly into the group of dangerous fish. Hungrily they darted toward him, but he dextrously avoided them and with the aid of the men in the boat, who tugged vigorously at the rope, was jerked out of the water just as a dozen hungry jaws snapped at his legs. Then harpoons were thrown into the backs of the disappointed sharks, and the natives made a great haul.

From the Phoenix group the schooner sailed unexpectedly to Fiji. More than once the opportunity had come to Nell to visit Suva, main port of the Fijian Islands, but each time she had shudderingly refused to go. The thought of looking upon these people—her own people, with kinky hair and thick lips—had been intolerable; but now Mr. Emmett saw a chance for profitable trading at that point. In addition he was sure the more extended trip would prolong the pleasure which his wife and her friend daily had expressed. They were on deck at twilight enjoying the cooling breeze after a sultry day when he told them of the changed plans. Nell, visibly perturbed, could not wholly conceal her dismay. Lena asked:

WHAT'S the matter? Don't you want to go to Fiji?"

"Of course we must go since

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"It was like the good old high school hops had come to life again."

The Daughter of a Fool

By
BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY

Illustrated by
Paul C. Clowes

ON Christmas Eve, the night before Eileen turned eighteen, she laid her hand timidly upon the handle of her mother's dressing-room door. A high-pitched voice within gave a command, and the maid's low monosyllable answered it. Eileen withdrew her hand quickly and stood a moment undecided. She fingered nervously a letter which she carried, then slipping it into a pocket in her dress, she rapped timorously upon the door.

Her mother, who was seated before a triple-mirrored dressing-table, turned as she entered. Even in the flare of the strong lights surrounding her the woman's luxuriant, marcelled hair betrayed artificial bleaching. Upon one cheek there was a daub of unblended rouge.

"This is no time to interrupt me," she said irritably.

"I know," replied the girl in a low voice, "I'll only stay a moment. May I—may I go to New York on the early morning train?"

"Why so early?"

"Grandfather is ill," the girl replied. "I just received this special delivery letter. That's why I'm troubling you at such an inconvenient time. May I go?"

"Where is the letter?" her mother asked.

EILEEN dug into her pocket and laid the envelope in

the be-ringed oustretched hand. The woman read aloud:

" 'Dear Eileen: My neuralgia is acting up again. Can't you come early and cheer the old man?

" 'Grandfather.' He always writes about the same."

"Yes," answered Eileen simply.

"And when you get there he is well enough to take you to the theatre," her mother commented contemptuously.

Eileen wanted to defend her grandfather. If only she weren't such a coward! She lifted her drooping shoulders a little; but her mother, now daubing the unpainted cheek, spoke suddenly:

"And the letters come very often."

Eileen's shoulders went down again.

I KNOW, mother," she said softly. "They come often now, but some day they won't come at all and then —" The words ended in a throaty inarticulate sound. She looked at her mother appealingly.

"Please let me go," she said, her eyes welling with sudden tears. Her mother saw the tears. She gave a short laugh that broke off discordantly.

"You are almost a woman and spineless," she said icily. "Your father's child!"

Eileen came forward a pace or two. Her pale face had flushed pink.

"Just what was wrong with my father? If I am almost a woman I ought to know."

"You have always known. There is nothing new to tell. He was a fool." She called abruptly to her maid, who was taking from the adjoining closet a shimmering yellow gown:

"Come powder my shoulders, Anne, and bring my pearls; quick!"

Eileen was dismissed. Her question was unanswered, but she left the room silently, unprotestingly, as became a fool's daughter.

SLINKING into the music room, the girl clung to the handle of the door as she closed it, her tall figure bent, her head bowed upon her chest. She was tired of being a worm of the dust. She couldn't help what her father had been. She herself had tried to be more than a fool, and she had failed. She did not feel resentment for her mother; she felt pity. She recalled with horror her coming out party a month or two before—her mother's anticipation, her enthusiasm, her lavish expenditure of money, time and effort—and her cold, spiritless "Goodnight" when at last Eileen had departed dismally for bed.

AS Eileen recalled her first few appearances as a society bud, unconsciously she stretched one hand out a little, then drew it back quickly, fearfully. She had had a feeling for a long time that in some unsteady moment she would stretch out her hand in an attempt to cling to something—and there would be nothing there; and she would fall, fall slowly, through shadowy mists, endlessly down, as one falls in a dream.

"When Eileen opened the door a woman was standing at the piano."

SHE crossed to the grand piano, and ran her hand lovingly across its shining top. Its immobility steadied her. There was something majestic about its silence, in the fact of its having so much music shut up inside. How admirable to wait silently—in majesty! All her life she had waited to free the music in her heart, waited silently often, but never majestically. Majesty was not for her. She belonged with the turbulent, the impatient, the fearful, the unserene. Her birthright was the cap and bells.

She heard the voice of her mother's fiance speaking in the lower hall; and after a time her mother's high-pitched, gay greeting floated upward to the silent room. Then came the sound of the limousine, which grew gradually less individual, and was finally lost in the general noise of the boulevard.

EILEEN felt secure and warm. She seated herself at the piano and began to play—airy, gay music, as if the laughter she had missed had been locked in her heart and was suddenly set free. Her mood changing, she began to play tender melodies, the kind grandfather asked for. In the dim corner she could almost see him reclining in the big chair as he did at home, smiling at her—queerly, as he had a way of doing when she sat at her father's piano and played in the twilight. She could never forget one evening. Grandfather was bending over her. "You play just as your father used to," he had said. She looked up into the thin face with its tightly drawn skin and into the keen, clear blue eyes. "Was father a fool?" she had asked. And he had stared at her a long time, his face ghastly as he struggled to control trembling lips and fingers. Then he had turned away abruptly. "At one time I thought he was," the old man had said. "But we loved

him." The fading light from the window had fallen full upon the shaking frail frame and the bowed head, and the terror his anguish had inspired even now bore in upon Eileen's shrinking spirit. Though mountains moved, and oceans ceased to roll she would never again mention the name "father" to the old man she loved. It caused too much suffering.

RUMMAGING through an old music box an hour later, Eileen found something which changed the whole current of her thoughts; for on the morrow when she would turn eighteen, had her father been living she would have been facing an issue—a choice between her parents, in accordance with the edict of the divorce law. Until tonight, within her mind had rested the foregone conclusion that she would have remained with her mother, for who would choose to follow a fool? But what Eileen found set her to wondering. It was a small typewritten manuscript of short poems arranged in book-form, ready for the press. The verses were exquisite and dedicated to "Father," and had been copy-righted by Edward T. Hayes, Jr.

While the girl was turning the pages wonderingly, a soft ball of snow struck the large window pane near which she was sitting. She looked out. No snow was falling; stars were gleaming in a clear sky. Another soft ball struck and froze to the icy pane. She looked down. A young man stood on the garden path, knocking fingers into opposite palms for warmth. He flashed her a smile. The moonlight fell upon gleaming teeth and dancing eyes. "Merry Xmas!" he called.

She opened the French door a crack.

"Come in, Jimmie."

"Oh, no!" He looked fearfully into the great windows of the lower floor.

"THERE'S nobody home but me," called the girl, her nose almost frozen in the thin current of icy air.

"Oh, all right!" came the joyous answer.

"Wait a minute; I'll let you in myself."

In a moment or two he was thawing out in the library.

"It seems ages since I saw you, Eileen. It was wonderful to see you sitting up there by the piano under that big lamp. I wish we had never graduated from high school."

"Don't you like college?'

"Not without you. Why don't you go?"

"Mother didn't want me to this year. She says I'm such a bookworm that I'm dull. She's trying to get me interested in real life."

"Succeeding?"

"Not at all. I'm a total failure, Jimmie."

There was a tremolo in Eileen's soft voice that stirred Jimmie's heart strings.

"Say, Eileen," he cried, "there's a good celebration at the College Inn tonight. I saw the holly and candles as I went by. There are special singers and every lady is going to be presented with a souvenir box of chocolates. Let's go!"

"You and I?"

"Yes. Why not? It's better than sitting here alone on Christmas eve."

"Oh, I'm afraid!" But she went.

IT was like the good old high school hops come to life again. Eileen's cheeks flushed red, every nerve of her body living. As she swayed to the music, an absurd line kept running through her head: "I have gazed on the pale face of sorrow, but tonight I laugh! I laugh!"

Christmas chimes were softly peeling midnight when they reached Eileen's door.

"May I wish you 'Merry Christmas' tomorrow, Eileen?"

"We are going to New York to spend Christmas evening with Grandfather. I am going early in the morning, I hope." She looked at the still street, sparkling under the arc light like a fancy Christmas card, at the frozen trees, the large solemn stars, summoning courage to look into his face and say: "There's a young man in New York whom mother wants me to marry."

"Do you like him?"

"Not at all. But he has scads of money—and what goes with it."

"Sometimes what goes with it isn't so good. Would you like to marry him?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Then square your shoulders and fight."

"You won't understand, Jimmie," said the girl solemnly. "A person can grapple with living men and women, but it's hard to fight dead people."

"Dead people!" he gasped. He certainly didn't understand. But he understood the look in Eileen's troubled eyes, raised to his face with the moonlight falling full upon them and did something that both of them, two hours before, thought utterly impossible. He leaned down and kissed her.

"Oh, Jimmie, you mustn't do that."

"Keep a stiff upper-lip," he whispered rather breathlessly. "I'm with you, and I'm not a dead one."

THAT night when Eileen's mother re-entered her dressing room, she found her daughter waiting in the firelight. The mother's jewels, her yellow gown and hair seemed to bring light into the shadows. Eileen thought she had never seen her look so beautiful. There was something warm about her, glowing, living. She thought of her mother's promised husband—of Jimmie's kiss.

"I waited to see if I could go to New York early in the morning," said Eileen timidly.

A Prayer at Christmas

AMID the Christmas greetings, gifts and cheer
May we remember Thee, Oh Christ our King,
Whose birth we celebrate this holy day,
Of whose great love the hosts of heaven sing!

If but Thy love could enter ev'ry heart,
This world would be a heaven filled with peace,
For God is love, and love is peace; and Thou,
Oh King of heav'n and earth, art Prince of Peace!

Oh may the Christ-like spirit fill our hearts
With charity and peace and love sincere,
And may it sink deep in our souls and stay
Not just today, but all throughout the year.

—*Nona H. Brown.*

"Yes, you may go," her mother replied.

The girl felt an impulse to touch her. "I hope you'll be very happy in your marriage, mother," she said eagerly.

"Thanks, dear. I ought to be. The Grayson fortune is as secure as your own; the Grayson name as solid in business as E. T. Hayes. 'Grayson' is open sesame to the best houses in the East."

Eileen had risen, and had gone impulsively towards her mother; but as the woman spoke she stopped, rigid. A sort of pity arose within her for the man who had been tender enough to write the manuscript she was crushing in her hands.

"Mother," she said, abruptly, in a throaty tone, "did father write these verses?"

THE woman's eyes fell upon the booklike manuscript. She stood immovable. Eileen's two hands clung to the papers. She was dreadfully afraid that she would stretch one of them out and then would fall into the shadowy mist.

The woman drew herself up to the full height of her striking figure. The pearls moved slowly upon her breast.

"What verses?" she queried in staccato accents.

"These," breathlessly.

She took the manuscript. She turned a page.

"The star that shines above,
O spirit turbulent,
That shines above the cloud,
Unbound, serene—"

She closed the book and slowly rounded it into a loose roll. Holding it tightly in both hands, she stared at the drab figure in the shadow. After a time the woman spoke. One word fell upon another heavily.

"I thought I had destroyed every disagreeable reminder," she said slowly. "Swept them from my life, and from my memory. These are distasteful!"

She turned quickly towards the glowing hearth.

"No, no! No, no!" Eileen had swung in front of the fire.

"You shall not!" she cried.

SHE struggled; she wrenched the manuscript out of the strong hands.

Going to the dance.

"They're not yours. They are grandfather's. They are dedicated to him," she cried hysterically.

The woman took a step towards her, her chin thrust out. The girl backed quickly to the doorway, her eyes riveted upon her mother's face.

"They are not ours," she wailed. "They are grandfather's. They can't be destroyed. I don't believe a fool could write such verse." She fled, sobbing, down the long hall, and reaching her chamber, slammed the door, turning the key in terror—in terror at her own daring.

It was a pale Eileen whom Edward T. Hayes greeted.

"Ill?" he asked tenderly.

"No. Up too late. How's the neuralgia, grandfather?"

"Better." The lines of his distinguished face broke suddenly into a boyish grin. "Tonight if we can manage it we'll go to the opera."

"Just you and I?" she queried, eagerly.

"If your mother hasn't made other plans."

"She probably has," the girl said grimly. "But I'm so glad to be here anyway," she continued softly, her eyes sweeping the small snow-covered area which separated the mansion from the avenue. Something in her look made grandfather think of the things he had wanted as a boy, and that had never come.

"How's the music?" he asked.

"It's coming." Her face became adorably alive. "And I've written another song. I'll play it tonight before the lights come on."

"But right now, the first thing on the program is a sleep," Mr. Hayes prescribed, decidedly. Eileen knew revolt was useless. In the quiet of her room she sank into untroubled slumber.

THAT afternoon it was grandfather's fate to take a dose of his own medicine.

"And you just getting over a bad spell," Eileen argued. "It was bad—I can see by your face. No nap this afternoon, no opera tonight," the young tyrant finished. E. T. Hayes surrendered. He fell into sleep as suddenly as does a tired child. Eileen gazed tenderly upon the waxen-whiteness of his skin, upon his frail, almost transparent hands—kindly hands. She drank in exultantly his look of nobility, of which slumber did not rob him. She was thinking of the verses his son had written—his son, who had been a fool. Settling herself in a large chair near her grandfather she once more opened the small collection of poems, and as she calmly read, the butler entered the room.

"Hush!" warned Eileen, "Grandfather's sleeping. What is it?"

"There's a woman at the door, Miss, who insists upon seeing Mr. Hayes," the man said in low tones.

"Who is she?" Eileen asked.

"She refused to give her name."

"What kind of woman?"

"A poor woman I should judge, Miss. She's rather excited. She says its a case of life and death."

For her mother, Eileen had interviewed a good many "poor women."

"Show her into the small reception-room," the girl said. "I will see her myself."

WHEN Eileen opened the door a woman was standing by the piano, the piano that had been the property of Edward T. Hayes, Jr. She was clinging to its edge by the finger-tips of one hand. This woman was small of stature, and her plain suit was well-cut. She turned nervously as the girl entered, visibly steadying herself by her fingers. Eileen was accustomed to looking upon women with artificially tinted cheeks and lips. This woman's face was like the snow that had drifted upon the casement at her side. All her life Eileen had been afraid of running unexpectedly upon a ghost. Now the stranger fixed her with her blue eyes, and the girl noticed

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A Really Merry Christmas

By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

NOAH BROWN scratched his head, and squirmed about in his chair. He didn't like the arrangement.

"We could put Andy in a boarding school, of course," Annie, his wife, continued her argument. "'Tisn't as if he was on charity. There's a plenty to educate him—without selling a thing—stock, or farm, or anything; but, it's Sue Blake I'm thinking about. The shock of Ed's death has changed her awful, and I'm banking on little Andrew to bring her to."

"YES, but didn't you say she told you emphatically that she didn't want the boy; that his father had killed her husband, and she's never forget it fer the boy? Gosh, Annie, I'd a never thought Sue Blake would turn out thataway under trouble. The kindest woman in this country, and now jest because Andy's father took Ed in his car to that meeting, and a drunk runs into 'em, and kills 'em both, she hates the little shaver. I wouldn't leave the boy with her, Annie. I'd be afraid to. She ain't right in her head. That's a fact. I don't think it would be wise for us to keep him when him and Jack fights all the time, but I say put him in school."

THAT was a long speech for Noah, the silent, to make, but as the sole guardian of the boy, since death had taken Ed Blake, the co-guardian, he felt the responsibility John Hanlon had put on him when he had made his will, and he was worried about the wisdom of curing Sue Blake at the sacrifice of John Hanlon's son.

"Let's leave him one month, anyway, Noah," pleaded the wife. "She said he could stay there till we got our arrangements made for him. I'll tell Andy that his Aunt Sue, as he always called her, is all broke up, and, I'm sure he'll bring her out of it."

"It's Andy that's all broke up. You know that. He's been robbed of a father that lived for him. He never knew anything but love; but, Sue! Oh, of course, Ed wa'nt ever mean to her; but look at the money he piled up, and never a thing in that house to make it easier for her. It don't seem to me that she's got any call to act like she's doin'."

"IT was the shock, Noah. Here comes Andy. If he says he wants to go to Sue, will you let him, just for a tryout? I promise you that I'll keep my eye on him all the time; and if I see that it won't work I'll tell you mighty quick."

"Well," said Noah, grudgingly, "if he wants to stay with her; but, if he makes the least objection I'll back him."

"We were just talking about you, Andy," Annie told the mournful little fellow that entered, holding out her arm for him. "I thought you might rather go to live with Aunt Sue and keep on in school here than go off to boarding school."

"Oh, yes," the little fellow brightened, then his face clouded quickly—"if she'd want me."

Annie's arm tightened about him.

"SHE'S had a terrible shock, Andy. She won't be like her old self for a long, long time, but maybe—"

"Oh, Miz Brown, I'd lots rather live with Aunt Sue, an' I won't feel bad if she's—not—friendly, you know. I know how she feels—just miz'ble with a big lump right here." His little fist pressed against his own lump showed her the spot. Annie pressed her face to his; and Noah got up suddenly and went to gaze out the window. "Maybe we'd both get over it—together," he said hopefully, after a little silence.

"Well, you just remember that you don't have to stay, Andy. If you find Aunt Sue too—unfriendly—you come right to us. Just remember you don't have to stay," she reminded him again.

"Oh, yes, I do have to stay," Andy shook his head. "Daddy'd want me to. Anyway, she won't hit me—or anything, I guess."

"If she ever does, Andy," said Noah whirling about from his window-gazing, "You come and tell me, do you hear—whether you want to leave or not. Will you promise you'll come and tell me if she ever hits you—or threatens to?"

"Yes, sir," said Andy. "But I'm pretty sure Aunt Sue won't."

TWO whole months the twelve year old Spartan battled with his own grief, Aunt Sue's dearth of love and welcome, and the chores. In vain did Noah argue with Sue Blake about getting someone to do a part of the work that fell on to the boy. She wouldn't hear to it. Even the lad, himself, was stubborn about keeping on with the chores, doing before and after school hours work that would have taxed a grown man—with never a word of appreciation—a word of any kind, that the woman could avoid uttering.

Finally, just a week before Christmas Annie came to the conclusion that her experiment had been a terrible failure.

ANDY was feeding the turkeys, big noisy fat birds, that had thrived on his care. Annie had coaxed Mrs. Blake out to the pen to see them.

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The BLUE SPRUCE

By
IVY WILLIAMS STONE

Illustrated by
Fielding K. Smith

"He seemed to shrink and wither in his chair, as he gazed at that canvas."

DAVID LOCKWOOD the first had shaggy, beetling eyebrows, from which steel blue eyes glared at his enemies and repulsed would-be-friends. When beaten men stood before the mahogany desk marked "President," they expected and received scant mercy from those cold, calculating eyes.

David Lockwood the second had dreamy, visionary brown eyes that saw beauty in every sunset and converted commonplace meadows into pastoral scenes. He paid little attention to matters of money, for there were too many beautiful pictures that needed to be painted.

David Lockwood the third had deep blue, mischievous eyes that dared you to kiss the dimples in his neck. Mortgages and interest, canvas and pigments caused him no concern. His greatest anxiety was keeping track of his building

blocks, and finding hidden sweets in his daddy's pockets.

ON the afternoon of December the twenty-fourth, David the third searched his home for his beloved blocks. They had been gone for several days. Although they were scarred and battered they made wonderful bridges and castles. He searched everywhere except in the forbidden "daddy's room," which had the most interesting smells and paints and pictures. There was one picture he liked best. He had helped make it. He had stood ever so still, while daddy sketched and rubbed out and sketched again. David the third, with his smiles and his laughing eyes, was quite unaware that there existed a David the first whom he had never seen, and who never spoke to his daddy. Everybody in the whole world loved daddy. Why, he could throw you so high in the air and always catch you, and kept such nice things in his pockets.

ON the same afternoon, David the second was locked in his studio, repainting the lost blocks. Fresh, bright letters and numerals replaced the faded ones. New Mother Goose scenes appeared under his magic touch. As he worked, the dreamy expression of his eyes changed to concern, and a little pucker drew his brows together. Christmas Eve was the very hardest day to endure, knowing that your wealthy, stubborn, lonely father had never seen his cherub-like grandson. That declining years were being shortened with bitterness, and baby years cheated of a grandfather. Each needed the other, and this grave anxiety caused David the second to become temporarily practical.

"If I could just manage to make them meet," he mused, critically studying a blue Jack Horner with a yellow pie, "all would be solved. No stubborn old man, not even the town's richest banker, could withstand the charms of David Lockwood the third. Think of father, spending another solitary Christmas in his big house!"

WHILE his unknown grandson hunted for his blocks and his son worked in his studio, David Lockwood the first sat in his huge, empty living room, watching that no one molested his beautiful blue spruce tree that decorated the front lawn. He had used his favorite word, "NO," on all his visitors. He had thundered it at the Goodfellows, when they came, pleading for assistance. He had flung it

DAVID LOCKWOOD THE SECOND

emphatically at old Marietta, the housekeeper, when she asked permission to put oysters in the turkey dressing. Last of all, he had turned purple around the temples and said it many times to the committee on Outdoor Christmas Decoration, when they asked to illuminate the spruce tree.

"It's the most symmetrical specimen I ever saw. An illuminated star on the top, with colored lights all around, will bring you the first prize, Mr. Lockwood." The chairman spoke with enthusiasm.

"No," thundered David the first.

"If your tree is lighted, the carolers will serenade you," offered the second committeeman.

"No," the favorite expression lost no force by frequent repetition.

"It's the prettiest blue pine I ever saw," timidly the third member spoke to his sorrow.

"PINE!" mocked David the first with open scorn. "Much you know about trees. There is no *blue pine*. There are white pines, and yellow pines and red pines. But blue trees are spruces. *Picea Parryana* is the botanical name. Pine needles come in bunches, while spruce needles grow singly, and they're sharp and prickly. Tell your electricians to decorate trees that are not beautiful in themselves. Tell your carolers to sing where people cling to old customs. I won't have candles in my windows, and I won't have lights on my tree!" The shaggy brows drew closer and the committee withdrew, knowing that the crisp, December afternoon was warmer than the atmosphere of David Lockwood's home.

Left alone, David the first settled himself by the window, to watch that the enterprising committee did not return to wire the tree. It was a perfect tree. The thick, flat branches spread out in symmetrical perfection, everyone horizontal from the sturdy, invisible trunk. No unsightly, dead limbs; every tiny needle alive with vigor, individual, sharp. Rising in a perfect cone, the tree stood alone in its beauty. The green-blue color was accentuated by the carpet of snow. In fancy, he smelled the pungent odor which the tree always exuded.

AS he watched the slanting sunlight play upon his treasure, the years rolled backward for David the first. They were planting the tree, he and the boy, and the mother, who had given the boy those limpid, impractical eyes. The boy stood by the hole and held the spade while the father set the balled tree straight. Then the boy had proudly held the tip of the tiny tree, to balance it while the father shoveled in the soil. Afterwards, they joined hands and danced around the tree, singing one of her poem songs. She was always writing jingles. When she should have been scrubbing floors or baking pies, she was fashioning some rhyme or setting it to music.

"Grow together, tree and boy,
Grow and fill our lives with joy.
Boy, grow honest, straight and good;
Tree, grow tall with wormless wood!"

WELL, they had grown all right, the boy taller than the father. But only the tree had fulfilled the song. Could you call a boy honest who wouldn't enter his father's bank and learn the business from the ground up? Was he playing straight when he defied his father and married the only forbidden girl in the whole world? A daughter of his arch competitor! The one man who blocked the path of David Lockwood's financial supremacy of the town. That his only son should be a painter—a dauber with turpentine and oils! He had hoped the boy would be starved into submission. But the mother who

wrote poetry had provided for art school. Thus the son was not suppliant and repentant, because he was not starving!

A SHARP ring at the doorbell brought David the first back to reality with a start. Where was Marietta? Sneaking oysters into the dressing? He didn't intend to buy any homemade doughtnuts or embroidered laundry bags or wax flowers. He would listen to no sob story of unemployment or sickness or hunger.

After a lengthy discussion at the door, Marietta appeared, struggling under the weight of a large, flat package.

"F-r-a-g-i-l-e," she puffed. "Ain't nobody lives here by that name, but they says this was the place. Took two boys to bring it." She examined it carefully, exercising the liberty of an old servant. "Tain't no parcel post, nor C. O. D. It's got them 'do not open till Christmas' plasters all over it. Want me to lean it 'gainst the piano till mornin'?"

A HEAVILY veined, cold hand indicated that the package be placed by his chair. "Tell John to stoke the furnace extra heavy. I shall watch my tree until midnight." The voice did not invite confidence, and sighing her disappointment, Marietta withdrew. Christmas packages in this household were unusual. Every year she and her huband gave Mr. Lockwood a black silk muffler. Every year she received a new hot water bottle, and John a pair of overshoes. No surprises; no secrecy; no tissue paper or tree. The three dined together on Christmas, the conversation consisting of gossip from Marietta and cold nods from David Lockwood. So long as turkey and plum pudding were still in evidence, John had no time for conversation.

David the first waited until Marietta's retreating footsteps assured him privacy. Then he inspected his package. His first impulse was to return it, unopened, but there was no address. Marietta had read correctly. No parcel post; no collect charges. FRAGILE. Undoubtedly a gift from some involved customer of the bank, paving the way for extended loans.

HE tore at the wrappings, and a moment later an oil canvas stood revealed, a bit of string still clinging to the frame. A small card was tucked in the corner, labeled "The Planting." David the first took one long look

DAVID LOCKWOOD THE THIRD

and his heart missed a beat, while his chin set in hard lines. In the background was a garden of hollyhocks. At the very front of the picture lay a spade on a mound of fresh earth. A small blue spruce was being held in the open hole by a sturdy little boy. A man and a woman stood at either side, their faces radiantly happy. The blue, sleeveless suit of the child accentuated the fainter blue of the tree. David the first drew the eyebrows into their accustomed scowl. His arm drew back, as if to gain momentum to send the clinched fist through the canvas. How dared the young upstart flaunt a cherished memory before an old man? Had he, David Lockwood, the grasping banker, ever looked like the man in the picture, without suspicion, without a scowl, full of vision for his son? But the brown-eyed woman was true. She had always looked like that, serene, visionary, undisturbed.

THE clenched hand tightened until the veins seemed to knot, then dropped motionless to his side. The boy of the picture was not his son. He had worn a box pleated suit of dark brown, with a wide, embroidery trimmed collar, long stockings and substantial shoes. This child's legs, like his arms, were bare, hinting of well formed muscle. He stood tiptoe in barefoot sandals. His eyes were not visionary brown, but a dark blue. Eyes of mischief, that would grow to steely blue with maturity; eyes that saw mortgages instead of oils. A throwback! David the first knew there was a child, Marietta had gotten that far with her gossip before he had been able to check her. He had not even known the child was a boy.

DAVID the first slumped in his chair. His wish had been denied. His son had not failed. Always he had cherished the hope that the boy, sensing his mistake, would return. Granting that, he could learn to tolerate the forbidden woman. Men had made good bankers who trained late in life. But this picture would live. David, his son, would never be a financial power. Defeated men would never lean over his mahogany desk, begging for mercy. No widow would ever be evicted at his order. But this picture would go down to posterity. It would be a living, vital testimony of achievement long after David the first and his fortune were forgotten. The supple, graceful body of the boy, the clever use of two shades of blue, the true depiction of joy on the faces of the parents, all revealed artistic ability. Like the "Age of Innocence" and the "Infant Samuel," which had hung in his bedroom, this picture would live, and attain value, and people would love and revere its creator.

Although Marietta announced dinner three times, David the first did not stir. *He seemed to shrink and wither in his chair, as he gazed at the canvas.* Square shoulders, plump arms, this child would not be a painter of pictures. Perhaps he might—mahogany desk-ability to say *no*, penetrating eyes, fearless, usury and foreclosures. David the first slept fitfully in his chair. He was awakened by a sense of chill, and a muffled, chopping sound. He rang immediately for Marietta, who appeared in curlers and dressing gown. He had slept into the early night.

"What's that pounding noise?" he demanded, rising and standing directly in front of the picture, to prolong Marietta's curiosity.

THE aged housekeeper turned pale and fumbled with the unusual, protruding curlers.

"Well you see, sir, you said John should stoke the furnace good. He's makin' that noise. The coal was over large. John's breakin' coal. It takes a deal of poundin' this night, to get it small enough for the stoker. You'd best go to bed, sir. It's late. The carolers didn't stop. And nobody come to decorate the tree. I looked at it a while back; it ain't been tetched.

"I ordered slack coal."

"'Tis hard coal, sir," reiterated Marietta, trying to peer at the picture. "Lumpy. Big ones. Some of 'em must be close to a hundred pounds."

"John never made that much noise before. Tell him to stop for the night."

"John pounded 'till he was winded. Would you mind, Mr. Lockwood, if I put just a few oysters in the dressing? I could tuck 'em up in the top, round the craw. You could eat the bottom dressing, and I'd put onions there?"

"No," thundered David the first, glad for an opportunity to divert his anger. "I hate oysters. I won't have them in my turkey. Tell John to stop that pounding. There's fire enough." Marietta withdrew, hastily, gladly, the curlers making a distorted shadow of the old gray head.

DAVID the first slept until daylight, when he wakened with a sense of impending disaster. He dressed hurriedly and went into the living room. Even Marietta's curiosity had been out-weighed with fatigue. The picture still stood as he had left it. Tomorrow he would consult a directory and have it returned. They could not win him over with sentimentality. There were no wreaths or burned candles in the windows. Relieved, he turned to the window. If the tree bore no glaring lights, there would be no cause for his vague alarm. He rubbed his eyes in amazement and looked again and again. *There was no tree. The blue spruce was gone.* Only a bare, axe-hacked stump and disheveled, bough-strewn snow testified to the former glory. Large, heavy footprints showed where the ruthless thief had circled, dragging the tree off to the sidewalk. Some man had stolen a Christmas tree for his children. He rang for Marietta and John. They responded, half asleep, mumbling, incoherent. John had stoked the furnace; Marietta had stuffed the turkey. Angered by their seeming stupidity, David the first burst from the house.

A few moments later a startled policeman was roused from his reverie by an excited, angry old man.

"Have you seen someone going by here carrying a *picea parryana?*"

"All deliveries stopped at two," mumbled the policeman.

"I mean a tree—an evergreen. A beautiful blue spruce."

"Oh, I get you now, Grandpa! You mean a Christmas tree. Folks ain't been carrying nothing else since I come on. Old folks and little kids, all a luggin' trees. Like a movin' forest."

"Did you happen to notice anyone carrying a markedly beautiful specimen of blue spruce?" came the persistent question.

"Well you see, Grandpa," the policeman became jocularly confidential, "the exams for officers don't require no knowledge of botany. To me, Christmas tree is a green tree with sharp needles. Nothing else."

"A spruce or a juniper, a pine or a fir, or a cedar for instance, all would be the same to you?" queried David the first icily.

"Christmas trees is green trees," stolidly answered the blue-coated guardian. "A woman what's a janitor in a big building down town come walking home. She'd missed the last car, but she had three boughs cut from the bottom of a tree. An old gent had one so small it looked like robbing the cradle to cut it. A boy had a big one strapped on a sled, pulled by a dog. The whole affair toppled over. But the queerest sight was a big man carrying a real purty tree over his shoulder. About every half block he stopped and broke off a branch and dropped it in his path. Looked like he was trying to leave a trail. There's a piece, crost the street."

Christmas Prayer

I HAVE the best that life can bring—
A father in whose heart is set
A load of pain and care, who yet
Can see God's hand in everything.

Who told me as a child, the why
Of things; and when worn-out I cried
Who took me on his back to ride,
Though he was wearier far than I.

There are no words of mine that can atone
For sorrows I have placed upon his way,
For all the battles he has fought alone;
But bring me closer to him now, I pray.
Help me to make his steadfast faith my own
And bring him lasting joy on this, Thy day!

—R. J. C.

RED with anger, warmed with a deep sense of injustice, David the first crossed the street and picked up a branch of his beloved spruce. There could be no mistake. Firm, prickly, blue needles, each tiny twig symmetrical and odored. The thief had walked in the snow outside the beaten trail, and large footprints, far apart, marked his route. The despicable thief, that was a fitting name for him, the despicable thief, had been a full grown man!

With no thought of fatigue or hunger, David the first took up the trail, determined to bring the offender to justice. Twenty-five years of growth wrecked to give a child a Christmas tree! If he had to strip the tree of children's trinkets, he would drag it and the thief into court. He would permit no bail; the judge owed him money. The miscreant could eat his Christmas dinner in the city jail.

A SMALL branch here, another at the end of the block. Gathering them tenderly like a stricken child, David the first marched angrily on. Past the pretentious houses, out into quieter streets. Smaller houses, closer together, like good friends. Smoke columns rising from chimneys. The joyous cries of children, the blare of a newly christened trumpet. Wreaths and burned candles in the windows. A child hailed him, but he paid no heed. On and on, eyes to the ground, following large, bold footprints, picking up stray pieces of evergreen, until his arms were full. Before a low, rambling house, with a large rock fireplace, the trail gave extra proof that the hunt was ended. Boughs were scattered on the private walk. David the first picked them up

methodically and marched up the path to the porch. A saw and nails, broken branches and sawdust gave all the additional evidence needed. The search was ended. But surely this household did not need to steal. An air of middle-class prosperity prevailed. As he rang the bell with emphasis, David the first noted that a small blue spruce grew on either side of the path. Good trees, too; small, conical, thick.

THE door opened with marked suddenness. David the first had expected the tall, full grown man whose steps he had followed for blocks. Instead, a small boy in a blue dressing gown faced him inquiringly. In his surprise David the first uttered the speech he had been rehearsing.

"I am looking for the despicable thief who stole my tree!" He had expected the man to flinch and cower. But the small boy before him showed no fear. He squared his shoulders and his eyes assumed a steely blue as he answered,

"My papa does not steal. He is a nice papa. He hides things in his pockets for you."

"I want the despicable thief," reiterated David the first.

"Won't you come in?" invited the small boy politely, and David the first stepped into the warm, pleasant room. The odor of blue spruce was evident, even before the old eyes could accustom themselves to the softer light. There stood the object of his search, by the wide fireplace. Beautiful, even in death. The child ran to bring his father, and the floating gown revealed a supple, firm limb, capable of standing on tiptoe to balance a young tree. The heart of David the first skipped and fluttered before they returned, the young man with brown, visionary eyes, and the child with deep blue ones. David the first, clinging to the dismantled boughs, stood in the center of the room.

"I have come," he began, in the cold, hard voice people had come to dread, "I have come to take a despicable thief to justice." The young man before him did not cower or flinch. He held out inviting arms and smiled disarmingly.

"I have come," began David the first again, trying to look somewhere besides at beautiful eyes. For the eyes of the young man who was taking the boughs from his weary arms were more than dreamy and visionary. They were brimming with love and understanding and tears.

"You have come," interrupted the young man, "to spend Christmas with your family. Thank God you're here. I began to fear you had given up the trail. It took the beautiful tree we both loved to bring you, but it was worth the price! And don't you remember, Father, that when we planted the tree you said it was to be mine?"

Clutching a knee of each, David the third wondered why they gripped hands so long, and why both their eyes were swimming in tears.

SITTING in the same chair beside the pungent tree, David the first and David the third became very well acquainted. They recited the nursery rhymes on the now beautiful blocks; they counted the numerals up to a hundred; every letter of the alphabet was there for the finding. A plump, inquisitive forefinger had smoothed out the wrinkle between the shaggy brows; the old, grizzled mouth had kissed the dimples on the young neck.

"I stood so still while Daddy painted me in the picture," volunteered the small boy. I stood a whole minute. The *you* in the picture hasn't got wrinkles."

The old blue eyes looked into the young blue eyes and smiled. "Wrinkles will vanish with you around," he answered, and the dimples received another kiss.

When the once forbidden girl began to make noises that sounded like breakfast, David the first beckoned to David the second.

"Phone Marietta that the pounding of coal and the chopping of trees do sound somewhat alike," a timid smile gathered on his lips and broadened into a real grin. "And tell her she can put a thousand oysters into the dressing, for I'm not going home for dinner."

Music Is Everywhere

[*Continued from page 87*]

covery of new and more distant stations.

BUT whatever our primary interest may be, the radio nevertheless makes it possible to tune in at some time or other with stations which are broadcasting really splendid programs of the finest music. So my suggestion is simply this: Do what you will the rest of the time, but at least once a week tune into one of the superior programs and then devote a brief time to *concentrated listening*. The length of the period is not essential; the important thing is that while it continues let the period be absolutely uninterrupted. Let conversation cease, shut out noises and stop moving about. While this listening period continues, give the music program the same close attention that a business man would give an important business proposition. Learn how to listen, learn how to hear everything that goes on. You will soon be astonished at the beauties in the music which you never noticed before. If you can read up in advance on some of the items of the program, so much the better. If you can subsequently read about the music you have heard, or if you can yourself play over some of the compositions or listen to them on the phonograph —that is all to the good. But if at least once a week, in your own home, with your own family and friends, you can learn how to enjoy the real treat of uninterruptedly concentrating on listening to good music, then the radio will soon become a blessing and will justify as never before its presence in your home.

Music has become our constant companion. It is with us always and everywhere. The question is: how can we make the most of this situation; what are you going to do about it?

A Really Merry Christmas

[Continued from page 96]

"Which one you going to have for Christmas, Sue?" she asked. "That one?" indicating a monster.

Andy looked quickly at Aunt Sue who stood like a stone image.

"Which one?" persisted Annie.

"I think that little hen would be big enough for us," said Andy, feeling sorry for his Aunt Sue. "She's fat."

"Well, I think not," snapped Aunt Sue. "That hen'll go to the market 'long with the rest of 'em."

"I know it," said Andy quickly. "I'd just as soon have chicken." He turned to frown at Annie, but the kindly neighbor glancing up in time to catch the look of hatred flashed at the boy, wouldn't be silenced.

"Now, Sue," she argued, "you know you should have one of those turkeys—after the way Andy's cared for them. You didn't have one Thanksgiving."

"We had nothin' to be thankful for, either him or me; and we ain't goin' to pertend that we're merry at Christmas, either," said Susan Blake, and turned back to the house.

ANDY looked after her a second, and swallowed hard, as if the lump in his breast was about to engulf him. Then he looked at Mrs. Brown, whose cheeks were very red. Andy thought her feelings were hurt, and he felt sorry.

"Want to see my new Guernsey calf?" he asked, to divert her thoughts. "She's a beauty."

Annie, struggling to control her anger, followed the boy into the barn.

"See how she loves me," said Andy, rubbing his face against the velvety softness of the baby calf.

"Listen, Andy," said Annie, "I want you to get your clothes and come home with me. We'll have you as our visitor for the holidays, then you'll go off to school where you'll be treated—like a human being. You can't stay here another night."

"Why, Miz Brown," cried Andy, climbing out of the calf's pen, and coming over where he could see her—in the eye. "I can't leave Aunt Sue—all alone here—Christmas comin' on, too. She couldn't do these chores—she's just too miz'able."

"And she's making you miserable; and your father wouldn't want that. No, dear, you've given her her chance, and she's getting worse. Come, get your clothes. Remember, Andy," she reminded him when he refused to move, "Noah's your guardian." He went with her then to the house.

At the door he stopped.

"If she says she wants me to stay, can I?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, Andy, child! Do you really want to stay with her?" cried Annie, bewildered.

HE nodded. "Can I?" he asked again.

"If she wants you—yes—that is, if she'll treat you better," Annie promised; and they went in.

Sue Blake did not speak as they entered.

"Look here, Sue," Annie began at once. "I'm ready now to take Andy. He'll spend Christmas with us, and then go to school. You'll be glad to be rid of him, of course."

"She hadn't meant to say that, but her anger drove her to harshness.

"What?" cried Sue, staring at the speaker.

"But I can stay, she says," Andy put in, taking a hesitant step towards her, "if you want me. You do want me, don't you, Aunt Sue?"

MRS. BLAKE continued to stare at her neighbor uncomprehendingly.

"You see she doesn't want you, dear," Annie reached a comforting hand to the boy, but he brushed it aside and took another step nearer the stricken woman.

"I can stay if you say you want me, Aunt Sue," he raised his voice, thinking she might not have heard.

Aunt Sue sighed, a long, deep sigh, then turned and looked at the child strangely as if coming out of a long sleep.

"Go to her, Andy," Annie whispered, the tears stinging her eyes.

ANDY walked slowly, timidly to Aunt Sue's side, and leaned against her, as he used to do in other days before the terrible tragedy.

"You do want me, Aunt Sue, don't you," he said again, and the childish voice broke—and the next minute he was in Aunt Sue's arms sobbing the great lump away for all time.

Annie Brown slipped out quietly, unnoticed. Aunt Sue was herself again, mothering the little orphan that had stood by her so staunchly.

"And we'll have the biggest turkey in that pen for Christmas," she was bribing the tears away, not realizing that her own face was drenched.

"Oh, gee," said Andy, coming out of his unhappiness with a start, "and can I cut a little fir tree—for a Christmas tree?"

"Indeed you can, and we'll—Andy, go to the 'phone and call up that 'lectric company and see if they can install 'lectricity in here 'fore Christmas, so's we can have the tree 'lectric lighted."

Andy flew to the phone.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir, Aunt Sue, they can. They can." he shouted. "Oh, boy, won't we have some Christmas tree, though?"

[Continued on page 128]

It's Christmas Eve

IT'S Christmas Eve—the north Star shines
Jest like the Star of Beth-le-hem above them pines.

But Him who notes the sparrow's fall
Kin hear a cowbody—er his cayuse call.

A hawse ain't Christian, some wud say,
But, Pal, I'd never talk that way.

It seems tu me that any fool
Could see yuh live the Golden Rule.

You've been four square, and it may be
Yure some few jumps ahead of me.

Yuh mebbe don't know how to pray,
Fer hawses jest ain't built that way—

But if service counts—an' that's the test—
W'y yure a Christian—'mong the best.

We seem alone—and yet—it's strange—
We feels His presence on this range.

It's Christmas Eve—His great love shines
Jest like that Star above them pines!
—*Harrison R. Merrill.*

J. BARTLE PARKER
Chairman *Era* and Publicity
Alpine Stake

MARY A. OLSEN
Chairman *Era* and Publicity
Alpine Stake

Stakes Having 100% of Their Era Quota Nov. 15th

Franklin	123%
Union	122%
Moapa	119%
San Juan	109%
Alpine	108%
Teton	102%

We hope to be able to report every stake in the Church over the top in the next issue of the *Improvement Era*.

Blessings Follow the *Era*

During the month of October, Alpine Stake had the largest percentage of quota, being 104%, with 102 subscriptions. Moapa was second with 95% increase, sending in 114 subscriptions. Teton was third with 93%—210 subscriptions, and Hyrum fourth with 85%—307 subscriptions. Ogden Stake sent in the largest number of subscriptions with 382 and has now gone over the 400 mark. Ensign was second with 330 subscriptions; Pocatello third with 328 and Box Elder fourth with 326.

President Grant Says:

I WISH to extend to the Presidencies of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Associations throughout the world, and the superintendencies of Young Men's organizations of all the stakes together with the Directors of *Era* and Publicity for the Stakes and Wards and the presidencies of the various ward associations of the Young Men and Young Ladies my sincere thanks as the editor of the *Improvement Era* for the wonderful way in which they have inspired the people to subscribe for this magazine. It is little less than wonderful since the combination of the two magazines—the *Young Woman's Journal* and the *Era*—to note the support that has been given the new magazine, the *Improvement Era*, and I hope that all concerned will continue the good work.

"I am thoroughly convinced that one of the finest things that can happen in any home is to have the *Improvement Era* come there once a month. It is full of splendid articles, uplifting in their nature and for the benefit of your children. And instead of spending your money—those of you who do not have this magazine in your homes—in allowing your children to go to picture shows that might result in their downfall because of the pictures not being of an uplifting nature, I commend each and all of you to have that magazine in your home, that your children can have it where they can put their hands on it, as it is calculated in its nature to implant in their hearts a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Homes that receive the *Improvement Era* will have less trouble making Latter-day Saints of their children."

Reports From The Field

Brother J. Bartle Parker, Director for the Young Men at Alpine stake

[*Continued on page 122*]

ANGUS E. BERLIN
Chairman *Era* and Publicity
Ogden Stake

LULA CHILD
Chairman *Era* and Publicity
Ogden Stake

MUTUAL WORK

Executive Department

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX.
LUCY GRANT CANNON.
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY.
Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

The Manual Discussion Period

THE fact that so much has been said about the special activities—Tuesday evening half-hour program, Honor Day events, and so on—should not lead us to attach any less importance to the Manual discussion period which occupies 45 or 50 minutes of time of at least three evenings per month, in our Mutual Improvement program.

The work of this period is of intense value to officers and members alike. If conducted properly it becomes truly re-creational, a delightful leisure time interest. It may, and should be, made an expression of the linguistic urge as drama is of the dramatic, or music of the rhythmic.

Excellent Manuals are provided for all departments. These, as has been stated frequently before, are not intended to be used as "lessons" or lectures, but as guides for fine, free, friendly conversation. The best teacher does not preach at his students but sits down with them and together they talk over the subject at hand without formality or restraint. Two of the presidency, one of the Young Men and one of the Young Ladies, have the supervision of this part of the M. I. A. program—a most pleasant as well as important duty. These two persons will be thoroughly familiar with all the Manuals provided and will keep in close touch with the progress of each evening. They should check the calendars carefully so that all of the work may be completed in the given time. They will give helpful suggestions to the class leaders as to methods of holding the interest of the members and of conducting the discussion. Often, as they watch and help from the "side lines" they may be able to see a need which the busy class leaders may fail to note. They may have opportunities, too, of giving personal help to boys or girls who may otherwise be overlooked.

Activities Within the Departments

IN most of the groups the first Tuesday evening of each month (during the 50 minute period) is devoted to features other than the Manuals and may be called the activity evening of the departments—for the Adults, the Health projects; for the M Men-Gleaners, the joint sessions when debating, speech, music, etc., are considered; for the Junior Girls, story telling, music, etc. (The Adult department also has provided several special recreational features as outlined in the October Era. The program for the M Men and Vanguards includes miscellaneous activities at frequent intervals.) On these occasions the activity leaders (and in the M Men-Gleaner group, the class presidents) will be especially interested in promoting and directing the work, cooperating with the discussion leaders.

It will be noted, too, that M Men, Gleaner Girls, Junior Girls, Vanguards, who may have selected drama or dancing in the half-hour period, may also receive training and practice in public speaking and story telling on these activity evenings within their own group.

January Sunday Evening Joint Meeting

THE Adult Department is responsible for the Sunday Evening Joint Meeting in January (also in May).

Suggested Program

Singing.
Prayer.
Singing.

I. *Address*: Good Health Imperative to great accomplishment. The Word of Wisdom, a protection of health, also a Latter-day Saint ideal. (10 min.)

II. The Slogan: "We Stand for Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals. (See "Temperance Ideal," following.)

III. Double Mixed Quartette: "The Lord Imparted"—New Church Hymn Book, pg. 297.

IV. Address: The Adult Group Study Course for 1930-31, Community Health and Hygiene. (30 min.)

(Reference: The Manual—Preface and any of the chapters.)

V. Book Review: Adult Reading Course Book—*Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years.* (5 min. Make it an introduction only, with view to creating a desire to read the book. See review in October *Era.*)

Temperance Ideal—Word of Wisdom

WHAT inspiration is to the mind, temperance is to the body. It is the director pointing the way to the conservation of power, for greater achievement. The Word of Wisdom is the Mormon constitution of physical fitness. It is the brilliant beacon of moral control. It is the key to hidden knowledge and power.

More than any other, it is the organic law of self mastery. As Isaac was to Abraham, the Son of Hope, the Word of Wisdom is to us the Temporal Law of Promise. As the First Born of the Children of Israel are saved by the sign over the door, even so this principle is our ensign of safety.

When the time came for the Israelites to be free, Moses was raised up to break their bonds; so in our day when bad customs and habits are enslaving many people, this revelation was given as our deliverer from narcotics. More than that, it is our armor against ill health and our champion against premature death.

The serpent was lifted up in the wilderness to heal the people from disease, but the Word of Wisdom has been given to save mankind from afflictions. It is so simple and yet so sublime that it may gather power and popularity wherever it is understood and used. It has within itself evidence of its own divine origin and carries its own arguments to meet the dissenters. It applies equally as well with the farmer as with the captain of industry; the laborer or the professional; the subject or the ruler; the beggar or the potentate; the weak or the strong. It is a perfect law that may be applied to all mankind for their temporal salvation. It is a great Latter-day Saint Ideal.

Increased Enrollment and Attendance

OUR objective this year is 10% (or more) increase in active membership. It is urged that committees, made up of the membership within each department, be appointed to interest those not already enrolled and secure their attendance. The members of the presidency above referred to, cooperating with the class leaders, should direct these committees.

IT is gratifying to know that the stake and ward M. I. A. leaders are pursuing a policy of appreciation of the efforts of the General Boards in outlining work. While it is not expected that perfect uniformity of method will characterize the procedure, it is hoped that sanction will be limited to supplementing, and not go so far as to be a substitution of any plan, outline or course of study, or activity.

Mutual Improvement means cooperative activity in the direction of progress, not of a few, but of all the group. There is a tendency in all fields of endeavor to take the line of least resistance or the easiest path to an objective, but such a course often leads away from the most desirable ends. One of the major aims of our work is the distribution of opportunity for development among the members of the associations, and a program that furnishes activity for the greatest number is most desirable. While it may take less effort to get a popular speaker to draw an audience than to get up a program for a Sunday Evening Joint Meeting where the major part of the work is done by the rank and file of the M. I. A., the result of the latter is of a two-fold advantage or profit to the M. I. A. cause, because the preparation of anything good is equal, if not more than equal, to the presentation. High grade leadership recognizes that the highest form of doing for others is getting them to do for themselves under judicious guidance.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that M. I. A. officers will read carefully the suggested program and follow it as carefully as possible. By doing so they will bring into activity many who otherwise will remain in the background and lose this opportunity for development.

Speechless
...When A Few Words Would Have Made Me

But Now I Can Face the Largest Audience Without A Trace of Stage Fright!

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank! I half rose, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair. Speechless—when a few words would have made me! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

And then a week later like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new home study method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright. This remarkable training has made me a self-confident aggressive talker—almost overnight.

* * * * *

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Adult Department

Department Recreational Events

(See page 39 of Supplement to the M. I. A. Hand Book.)

(See October *Era* for suggestions.)

For *January*: An Old Fashioned Dance—A New Year's Party of Long Ago.

For *March*: The Drama.

For *April*: The Health Party.

The Joint Sunday Evening Meeting for January

This meeting is under the direction of the Adult Department. See Executive Department, page 104 of the Mutual Messages (this *Era*) for suggested program.

Gleaner Girls Department

Many groups are securing Manuals for each girl.

The calendar for the months of December and January include:

Dec. 2—Joint M Men and Gleaner activity: Book Reviews (See extract, "The Two Leaves," following).

Dec. 9—Discussion—Gleaning.

Dec. 16—Discussion—Gleaning.

Dec. 23—Open.

Dec. 30—Open.

Jan. 6—Joint M Men and Gleaner activity: Social.

Jan. 13—Discussion—Gleaning.

Jan. 20—Discussion—Gleaning.

Jan. 27—Discussion—Gleaning.

The two open nights in December may be used to good advantage in checking up and having some of the incidents and stories in the girls' Treasures of Truth presented to the class.

In some wards the joint activity night for he M Men and Gleaners has been confused with the half-hour activity program of the entire association. There is no connection between the two. This joint work of the M Men and Gleaners although taking up Public Speaking, Drama, etc., constitutes the regular class work for these groups

Junior Girls Department

JUNIOR CHRISTMAS PARTY

Wouldn't you like to increase the social spirit of your class by having a Christmas Tree class party? There is an open night on Tuesday, December 23rd which may be used nicely for this purpose.

Perhaps some of the girls may have decorated their own Christmas tree. If not, each girl might bring a few Christmas decorations and decorate a tree, seeing how beautiful it could be made without expense. A small artificial tree may be used, should some girl have one in her home. Exchange of gifts may be made by each girl bringing a simple gift, costing not more than 25c. As the girls assemble, each one is given a number, the gifts being correspondingly numbered on the tree. One of the girls dresses as Santa Claus and presents the gifts. If a girl gets her own gift, she may exchange with someone. Make it a real fun party, playing games, etc., that carry the spirit of Christmas throughout the evening. (See page 349 of M. I. A. Hand Book for suggestive program.)

How would the girls like to bring articles for a Christmas dinner and make up a basket for some poor family, or take a blooming plant to some sick person? You will think of other things to do, to carry out the spirit of Christmas Cheer.

Bee Hive Girls Department

Calendar for December

BUILDERS IN THE HIVE

December 2 — Guide XI — The Word of Wisdom.

December 9—Guide XII—Open for your own planning. Discussions and dramatization of the Reading Course Book, Mother Carey's Chickens, and the Project, *I Will Overcome Some Undesirable Habit*, could be arranged and presented with interest. Bee-Hive songs and formations should also be practised on these open nights.

December 16—Guide XIII—Common Accidents.

December 23 and 30 are so near to Christmas and New Year's Day that meetings will not be held in most wards. If by any chance your association convenes, follow the outline in the Bee-Hive Girls' Handbook.

GATHERERS OF HONEY

December 2—Guide XI—Family Meals.

December 9—Guide XII—Open for your planning. See suggestions for this date above.

December 16—Guide XIII—Love Truth.

December 23 and 30—See suggestions above.

Bee-Hive Books

The general committee is pleased to announce the publication of a new edition of the Bee-Keeper's Book. This is combined with the Handbook, for the convenience of Bee-Keepers, and will sell for 60c. There is also off press a new edition of the Girls' Handbook, but those already in possession of a Handbook will not need the new one, as the material in the old edition will serve satisfactorily.

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M. I. A. MONTHLY REPORT OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS
October, 1930

	No. of Wards in Stake	No. Reporting	No. Wards Org. and Functioning		No. Conducting Era Campaign	Sunday Evening Joint Program	Tuesday Evening Half-hour Program					
			Y. M.	Y. L.			Drama Groups	Dancing Groups	Music Groups	Pub. Speaking Groups	Retold Story Groups	No. Completing Program
			Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	Jt.	
Alpine	6	6	....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Bannock	8	5	....	5	5	2	....	4	1	....	....	3
Bear Lake	11	10	....	....	10	9	8	8	8	6	4	6
Bear River	12	12	10	....	11	9	7	7	6	5	4	4
Benson	14	12	10	10	12	10	8	9	11	8	9	8
Beaver	6	3	....	....	3	3	3	3	3	3	2	3
Big Horn	6	4	....	5	4	4	2	2	3	3	1	2
Boxelder	13	13	....	10	13	12	12	11	9	9	7	12
Cache	8	6	....	5	8	6	8	8	8	7	6	4
Carbon	7	2	....	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2
Cassia	6	6	....	4	4	1	3	3	4	3	4	4
Cottonwood	10	8	....	6	8	7	5	7	6	4	4	3
Deseret	11	7	....	5	5	7	4	3	6	5	5	6
East Jordan	10	9	....	10	10	7	8	7	9	9	8	10
Ensign	8	8	....	8	7	8	7	7	9	8	....	....
Franklin	11	11	....	9	11	11	7	8	9	9	9	9
Garfield	8	4	....	3	2	4	2	2	2	2	....	2
Granite	10	9	....	9	8	9	9	6	7	7	8	9
Grant	14	13	....	11	11	10	7	9	10	8	5	4
Gunnison	7	6	....	4	6	6	2	4	4	3	1	5
Hollywood	12	10	....	8	10	10	10	7	10	8	7	5
Idaho Falls	13	11	....	8	7	11	6	10	6	7	4	7
Juab	5	5	....	5	5	5	5	....	5	5	4	5
Kolob	5	4	....	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	....	2
Lehi	6	5	....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	3
Liberty	12	11	....	11	9	11	6	8	6	4	5	3
Logan	11	10	....	8	10	10	9	9	7	7	4	7
Los Angeles	10	10	....	9	10	10	9	9	9	9	8	10
Malad	9	8	....	7	7	6	3	4	4	4	4	6
Maricopa	10	10	....	9	10	10	5	7	7	5	5	5
Millard	6	6	....	6	6	6	4	6	6	5	5	5
Minidoka	8	4	....	3	4	4	3	3	3	3	2	3
Moapa	9	7	....	1	7	5	6	7	7	6	4	6
Montpelier	13	8	....	5	8	5	4	5	4	5	2	6
Morgan	5	5	....	4	5	5	5	5	3	3	5	3
Nebo	9	9	....	9	9	8	8	5	7	8	5	6
North Sanpete	5	5	....	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5
North Weber	14	12	....	9	12	9	8	5	6	7	6	6
Ogden	11	11	....	11	11	8	11	8	11	7	4	11
Oneida	11	11	....	10	11	10	9	8	7	8	3	7
Oquirrh	6	6	....	6	6	6	5	6	5	4	5	6
Palmyra	9	9	....	8	9	6	4	1	5	8	6	6
Panguitch	6	4	....	2	4	3	....	1	3	2	....	2
Parowan	11	6	....	4	6	6	4	3	4	2	2	4
Pioneer	10	9	....	8	9	9	8	7	6	8	6	8
Pocatello	10	8	....	8	8	7	8	8	8	8	5	8
Portneuf	8	7	....	2	7	5	7	7	6	6	3	7
Raft River	6	5	....	5	5	5	....	....	....	....	1	....
Rigby	13	8	....	2	7	8	3	4	4	4	5	5
Roosevelt	9	6	....	2	5	6	2	1	3	1	1	6
St. George	9	7	....	5	7	6	3	5	5	4	3	4
Shelley	9	6	....	6	5	6	2	3	2	3	2	4
South Sanpete	7	7	....	6	7	7	4	5	6	6	4	6
South Sevier	8	8	....	6	8	7	5	5	6	6	6	6
Star Valley	11	10	....	5	6	7	10	9	10	9	6	3
Summit	11	10	....	5	8	5	3	4	5	3	3	7
Sharon	7	6	....	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Salt Lake	13	11	....	11	13	13	13	13	12	12	11	11
Sevier	8	8	....	6	8	7	5	4	4	4	6	3
St. Johns	6	3	....	....	5	3	3	2	2	1	3	3
St. Joseph	13	11	....	13	10	11	5	9	7	7	5	11
Taylor	6	6	....	5	6	5	4	4	5	5	4	4
Teton	7	7	....	5	7	6	6	4	6	6	5	4
Tintic	4	4	....	3	4	3	2	2	1	....	....	4
Tooele	10	5	....	4	5	3	3	2	3	4	3	2
Uintah	8	6	....	3	6	6	4	4	3	4	4	5
Union	5	4	....	2	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Utah	9	9	....	8	6	6	8	7	8	7	8	4
Wasatch	9	9	....	7	9	9	4	5	9	4	5	9
Wayne	6	4	....	3	4	2	....	2	3	3	2	4
Weber	9	9	....	9	9	9	7	8	6	6	7	5
West Jordan	8	6	....	6	6	6	5	5	5	4	4	5
Woodruff	4	4	....	4	4	3	1	2	2	3	1	3
Yellowstone	10	6	....	....	10	6	6	5	4	4	4	4
Zion Park	7	6	....	4	6	6	5	4	5	3	5	5
Calif. Mission	37	12	....	6	12	12	8	10	9	7	6	8
Eastern States Mission	....	1	....	1	1	....	1	1	1	1	....	1
Northwestern States Mis.	....	....	....	8	8	9	7	7	9	9	7	8

Attention is called to the totals of groups being conducted under the half-hour program in 72 Stakes reporting.

Other activities reported by stakes that are not called for on the regular report form are as follows: Successful Opening Socials, M Men-Gleaner programs, Hallowe'en balls and parties, Harvest Balls, Officers' Socials, Junior and Bee-Hive programs, Mothers and Daughters' banquets, outstanding Sunday evening joint sessions, successful road shows and one stake reports having held, already, a very successful Gold and Green Ball. The stakes are all to be congratulated upon the splendid way in which they are carrying forward the program this year.

In many cases the Young Men's report came in after this chart was tabulated, for which reason only the Young Ladies' record was given in the fourth column. The later reports show an equal number of Y. M. departments organized and functioning in most stakes.

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Expatriation

[Continued from page 91]

it is arranged, but for some absurd reason I cannot help dreading it."

"Why? You've seemed to have so much fun among these islands that Robert was sure you would like to go there. But I'm sure he can leave it until another time."

"Indeed, you mustn't think of such a thing. It is foolish of me to feel as I do. Many years ago my father had a dreadful experience in Fiji, and it has made me abhor the natives, but I'm unjust, for only one of them injured him, and even that one did everything possible to make the matter right. I shall really be glad of this opportunity, for sooner or later I must go there or change some of my plans."

IN consequence of knowing her own relationship to the Fijians, Nell's natural enthusiasm for the islands and their inhabitants was somewhat dampened. But even with this handicap she was constantly interested and occasionally very much amused at what she saw. The love of ornamentation is remarkably pronounced among this race, and not infrequently a native will be seen with silver buttons through each side of the nose and a ring through its center hanging over the upper lip. In addition thereto, one sees bracelets and anklets, earrings, finger rings and rings on the toes, shoes of course being practically unknown among the natives. The American girl was as fond of jewelry as the average young lady, but determined henceforth to discard all such adornments in the fear that her taste for such things had its origin in savage ancestors.

Pursuant to the intention expressed to Lieutenant Hawley in their first confidential talk, she had continued using the name of Redfield. It was unnecessary to face the unpleasant disclosure which was sure to follow the use of her own name, so well known throughout the South Sea groups.

DURING the three days which the Emmetts required for the transaction of their business, Miss Redfield was the busiest person in Suva. She met the British commandant in charge of the island, together with many of his associates, broke the heart, according to his tale, of an ardent young officer who began making love to her at their first meeting, accepted numerous invitations to ride and visit with the ladies comprising the military colony, obtained some new facts concerning her ancestry and was ready to leave on schedule time.

She felt really sorry for the young officer who expressed such regard for her. There was no question about his sincerity, but he had been away from home for a long time, and there were no marriageable ladies among the whites. It was an easy thing, therefore, for an attractive young woman to take possession of his heart. But the experience reminded her that this young lieutenant's situation was not unlike Dick's. She wondered soberly whether her old friend's love was not due to the fact that he had not seen an unmarried American woman for months.

THE information about Mr. and Mrs. Terry came to her through General Howcroft, ranking British officer. She mentioned to him casually that her father had been interested in some orange plantations on the islands with a certain Mr. Terry.

"With John Z. Terry?" he asked in surprise. "Why, I knew him well. We kept bachelor's quarters together for more than a year."

"I understood he was married. Didn't he live at home?"

"He wasn't married at the time. That was the one thing he was trying to avoid." The look of amusement on the general's face attracted the girl's attention.

"Trying to avoid! May I ask why?"

THE merry old soldier became reminiscent. They were sitting on the veranda of the Suva Grand Hotel, overlooking the sea. His work for the day was finished and with iced lemonade and an attractive companion of course he

would tell a story if by so doing the tete-a-tete might be prolonged. Sight of the afore-mentioned lieutenant in the offing seemed to add greatly to his pleasure.

"Well, it was common knowledge here, and I suppose there is no harm in telling you, the daughter of one who played an innocent and ineffective part in the story, inasmuch as you are a friend of the family."

"Mr. Terry was my father's friend and business partner," corrected the girl.

"Of course you would not be old enough to remember him, and now I think of it, he must have left America some little time before you were born.

"Jack Terry was the most honorable man I ever knew. Didn't have a single bad habit, but did have a most infernally troublesome conscience. Why, I wouldn't have had his conscience for all his winning ways with women, aye, and men too, and a good big annuity thrown in. For what good would money and the power to attract be to a rollicking soldier who was all the time afraid he might do something that wasn't exactly square?"

AS his companion volunteered no answer to this perplexing query, the general went on:

"If he spoke sharply to a coolie, in some way he was sure to make it right. That may be according to the golden rule, but it's poor practice in these parts. Still, Jack had a lot of Yankee shrewdness and made plenty of money. Perhaps his kindness to the natives wasn't such bad business after all, for they trusted him and turned everything possible his way. His health was none too good—some men, you know, can't stand this da—, excuse me, this infernal climate—and Terry was one of them.

"I've been a long time on the way, but now I'm coming to the part that answers your question about his living at home. There was a young woman here, Elinor Alder, daughter of an Englishman who had extensive and profitable interests in these islands. It must have taken a small fortune to have given the girl her education, for she went to school in the States and traveled a good deal. And wasn't she a beauty? If not, then I've wasted a lot of pride in my judgment on such things."

THE general looked his companion over in a way that made her feel decidedly uncomfortable. She would have resented such impudence but for the fact that this man was her father's friend, and she must hear the rest of the story. His gaze was so searching she feared he might detect a resemblance.

"Now you're a beauty, too, but in rather a different way. There was just a dash of the voluptuous

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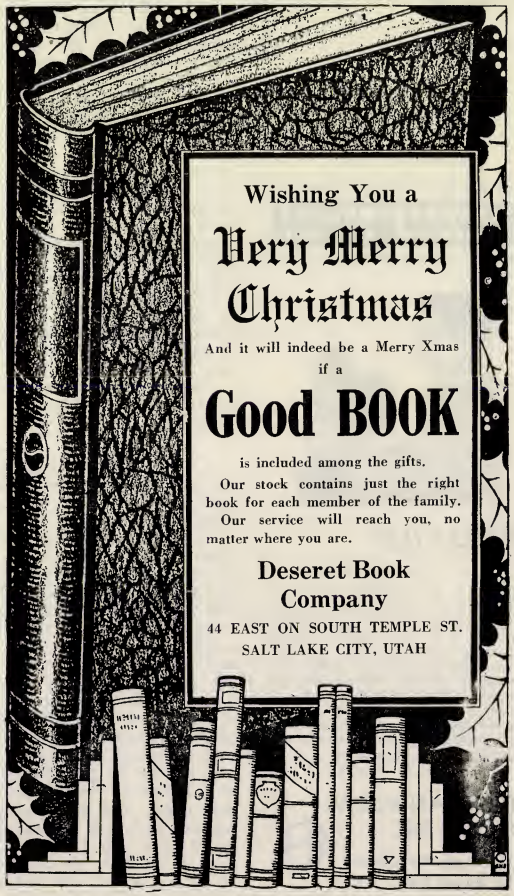

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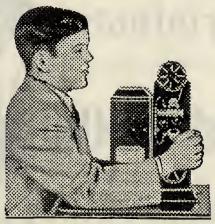

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beauty in her, the kind that isn't always easy to resist."

Again the officer stared at her almost rudely. But there was no impudence only wonder in his surprised gaze.

"But, by George!" he exclaimed, "Except for that one dash there is an actual resemblance between you and her. Pardon me, Miss Redfield, I see I have offended, and if you knew what follows, my offense would forever terminate our friendship. I'm an old fool. More than a score of years have passed since I saw Elinor Alder, and to me all forms of female beauty are more or less akin."

YOU say her name was Elinor Alder?" Miss Redfield was trembling with an excitement which could not be suppressed.

"Her father always called her Elinor. She did not like the name and called herself Nelly and Mrs. Alder used that name also. After the father died they would both get mad if anyone suggested that there was any other name. Speaking again of her beauty, she could easily have snared any man on the islands—that is, any man but one, Jack Terry. Strangely enough he was the one man with whom she fell desperately in love and tried her best to catch. But he was shy as a trout and wouldn't even nibble at the baits she cast in his direction."

"Why not, if she was such a beauty and well educated?" The question came huskily.

WELL, the truth of the matter is she was part Fijian—about an eighth, I believe. Didn't show any more signs of it than you do; but her mother was well known here and though she, too, was a good looker, her colored blood was very apparent. Nelly was deuced smart and clever—could sing like a lark and play the guitar in the moonlight in a way that made a fellow's heart kick like an army mule. The whites were all wild about her and fifty of 'em stood ready to take her off Jack's hands. Some of 'em were so struck they would even have married the girl, though that isn't a soldier's usual practice in these parts. But she could see no one but Jack, and he was determined not to yield, though I believe in his heart he did think a lot of her even at that time.

"Of course you know, better than I do, the repugnance a Yankee feels toward marrying a girl of negro descent—and that's about what the Fijians are—and Terry was too square to take the dishonorable course many men would have taken. Wasn't he in a turbulent little hell?

"About this time he received a letter from his friend Redfield—your father, I suppose—on this very subject. Mr. Redfield had heard in some way that Jack was in danger and wrote, calling his attention to the perils of propinquity and the calamitous results of an improper marriage. I remember being shown the letter and Jack's answer to it, in which he assured his friend that there was no cause for anxiety on that score.

MY word! I'm making a long story of this, but will hurry on now. The girl did not immodestly press the matter, but she was an alluring creature, and as I said, Jack thought a lot of her deep down in his heart, though he was provoked or amused at her abnormal jealousy, a racial characteristic, by the way. His tremendous will power would have carried him through, I believe, but he was taken with a severe sickness, and Mrs. Alder and Nelly carried him almost by force from our quarters to their home and nursed him with skill and tenderness, too blooming much of it. As soon as he was able to stand on his feet he broke away and came back to our rooms and confided his troubles to me. It seems that in a moment of delirium he had said something to the girl which made her think he was willing to marry her. What was said, if anything, was a perfect blank to him, but in his weakened condition, and after their solicitous care, that confounded conscience of his again got in the way and he almost decided to go through with it. However, with returning strength came the old feeling of aversion at such a union. Elinor was so determined to win him that the thing at last became intolerable, and he decided to change his headquarters to Nukualofa, over on Tonga. After a frank talk with the girl, he left us, and I saw him but once afterward. His absence made her love stronger, and it became a regular passion. You know a woman's love is different

from a man's in that respect. She followed him to the other island, after a year or two, and he finally succumbed and married her. They had one child—a boy, I think, but maybe it was a girl. I know it was one or the other. They were all killed in the hurricane about which you have naturally heard from your father."

IN spite of frequent sips of lemonade, the girl's lips were dry and her throat parched.

"Thanks, General, for the story," she managed to say as she made preparation to go to her room. "I've often heard of Mr. Terry from my father and that makes it very interesting."

From the window of her room Nell could see the general who evidently was not disposed to leave before the lemonade was finished. After it was gone he still sat there, apparently lost in thought. Then suddenly he jumped to his feet, greatly to the surprise of several loungers at the other end of the veranda who were not accustomed to seeing this august and rotund personage show so much activity. The girl could not help wondering whether his unusual conduct was related in any way to their recent conversation. She felt certain it was and finally decided to resume the interview. The startled expression on the face of her father's old friend when she again appeared before him convinced her she was the innocent cause of his excitement.

"I wish you would tell me all you know about Mr. and Mrs. Terry," she said. "My father will be glad to learn the details of their lives."

THE young lady was surprised by the general's blunt question. "Was it your father who sent a Mr. Gray down here?"

"No, I'm sure it wasn't my father."

"This man Gray was determined to learn everything there was to know about Mrs. Terry—didn't care a straw about Jack. And another thing which, when I thought about it a moment ago, nearly made me jump out of my uniform, you and Gray both snapped me up when I spoke of Mrs. Terry as Elinor. What difference does it make what her first name was?"

AGAIN the general looked at Nell until she manifested embarrassment.

"I'm a garrulous old fool." Then he put his arm tenderly around her. "But Jack Terry was the best friend I ever had. I remember now his little girl was not killed in the hurricane but was taken to the States by the Redfields, doubtless your parents. If you should ever see her again, and of course you will, please tell her that General Howcroft will be as true a friend to her as her father was to him. And as for Mrs. Terry's ancestry, he will let his tongue be cut out before he will ever mention it again."

"Thank you, General Howcroft, I'll tell her," the girl answered gratefully. She looked unflinchingly into his eyes for a moment, and she knew they understood each other.

(*To be continued*)

Love is the eldest and noblest and mightiest of the gods, and the chiefest author and giver of virtue in life and of happiness after death.—*Plato: The Symposium.*

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The Daughter of a Fool

[Continued from page 95]

their singular, penetrating beauty. They reminded her of a picture which hung in her room in Washington, a copy from one of the masters who painted in Italian churches, long ago, the face of the Mother of Christ.

"Mr. Hayes has been ill," explained Eileen. "He is sleeping; I dare not disturb him. I am one of his granddaughters. Can I be of service to you?"

"Yes," the woman replied, hastily. She was working her hands nervously.

"Won't you sit down?" said Eileen.

THE pale woman sat down rigidly upon a rose-colored chair.

"My boy is very ill," she said, tremulously. "Seriously ill with an acute attack of appendicitis. They have taken him to the hospital—to the free clinic. I have been ill myself, which was very bad luck for us, as I earned good money when well. They are going to operate in the morning. But the free clinic isn't the place for my son. He must have the surest skill in New York. He can't die. He's a wonderful boy. He'll make his mark, as his father would have done if he had lived. His father died before he had a chance to show what he could do. But his son must live—he can't die. That's why I came here. He shan't die!"

"How much money do you want?" timidly asked Eileen.

"A great deal. Enough to restore him to complete health."

This woman wasn't at all like the people who came to the door of their big house in Washington. She had said "a great deal" with quiet dignity, as though she had a right to it.

"Does my grandfather know you?" Eileen asked.

"He used to," came the low reply. "I stood here, fifteen years ago, by that piano and saw my husband, whose father had cut off his allowance, fall—,"

Eileen thought of the misty shadows.

"Was he ill?" she asked.

"He was dead," said the woman, quietly. "He had a weak heart. And he was very angry. Mr. Hayes has not forgotten. He must help my boy."

BEFORE Eileen's mental eye floated the face of her grandfather with its transparent frailty.

"Grandfather has been ill," she said defensively. "He can't be disturbed."

"But my boy may die!" cried the woman passionately.

"I will help your boy," replied Eileen. "How did your husband come to die—here?"

"Your grandfather loved him," said the woman quietly. Then she added quickly: "But he didn't understand him. People in general thought him queer. He had been wretchedly unhappy in his marriage. A separation was inevitable. Then he married a girl, a poor girl, who had been teaching music in your grandfather's home—in this home. She was I."

"You?" exclaimed Eileen, gazing into the steady, luminous blue eyes. "You?"

"Yes, I. His father was furious, but no sacrifice was too great for me to make for him. He would have been great, but for that quarrel with your grandfather. We had a hard struggle and then came here to make peace. Your grandfather didn't know there was a little baby at home. He doesn't know it now, for after the funeral I hid from them. He hated me. Heaven knows I hated him, for he started the quarrel. Such a quarrel! Fire flashing against fire."

"Fire?" gasped Eileen.

"Fire of clashing wills," said the woman. "And then in a moment his son was gone. Gone! But his grandson must live!"

"Son?" Eileen's voice was scarcely audible. "Grandson?" she breathed.

"Yes," the woman answered softly, "his grandson." Then her voice swelled, vibrative with the pride and joy of motherhood. "He's a wonderful boy. He's like his father—gifted. I've saved all his father's writings for him."

"Writings?" exclaimed the girl. "Did he write verses—delicate verses?"

"Beautiful verses," the woman answered. "And stories. And

songs. We were going to have them published. But we came here that night—and we never went out again together. I went alone—back to a little sleeping child. I worked for him. He was worth working for. He's precious. He's his father's child."

EILEEN had risen, for the air seemed light, so light that she could scarcely draw it in. She moved towards the window, unsteadily. The snow had blotches moving about upon it, rose-colored blotches, like the chair upon which the strange woman sat. The girl was struggling for a connected line of thought. Her father! His verses. The writings this woman had saved. Her mother's acid bitterness. The other child—this woman's child, who must live, not only because his mother loved him, but because he was his father's son.

A shadowy mist was rising up from the floor. It was descending also from the ceiling, which she could scarcely see. She must hold tight to her hands. She mustn't let go of her hands.

"My father—" her voice sounded a long way off. The woman's form was a distant, indistinct outline. "My father—" in spite of herself Eileen thrust out her hand. But she did not fall. The hand was caught in a strong, steady clasp, and tender arms were wrapped about her. A voice said gently: "Poor little girl! Poor little Eileen! Forgive me, dear. I didn't know you; I haven't seen you for thirteen years. I thought you would be with your mother on Christmas day."

THE blue eyes were shining with tears. She placed the girl tenderly in a big chair, and rang for the butler to bring some chocolate. Eileen clung to the firm hand.

"You are good," she said. "You are *kind*. You *understand*. You may have all the money you need. All you want—my money. I have such an awful lot of the stuff."

The drink arrived. Eileen sipped it. The mists began to clear. Even the dark cloud in the farthest corner kicked up its heels and began to roll away, taking with it something whose jangling and color had always bothered her—the flaming cap and the tinkling bells of a fool.

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When the unrouged woman had departed, Eileen went back to her grandfather, to find him still asleep. The telephone rang.

"Is that you, Eileen? What luck!"

"Jimmie! Why Jimmie, where did you come from?"

"I haven't come yet. I'm still in Washington. But I'd love to come and take you to a glorious dance tonight. Will you go?"

"Yes, Jimmie, I'll go."

"Thanks, Eileen; I'll call at eight. Merry Christmas!"

She hung up. But the deep, joyous young voice rang like a chorus in the room: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!—"

IT was nearly eight in the evening when Eileen's mother arrived.

"There are so many things doing on Christmas," she said gayly. "We couldn't seem to get here."

"Hungry?" asked grandfather.

"No; we dined with Mr. Grayson's people. Charming dinner. Mr. Grayson will be back in less than an hour. I must dress hurriedly. So glad you are all ready, Eileen. You look really pretty. Mr. Grayson is bringing his young cousin with him again to be your escort."

"But, mother, I already have a date. I broke one with grandfather to accept that one. I couldn't break that to go with you."

"A date with whom?" queried the mother in icy tones.

"With Jimmie Gaynor."

"Jimmie Gaynor? Jimmie Gaynor? Why—"

"Jimmie's a nice boy, mother, and his father is the editor of the 'Times'."

"As poor as church mice! Why, Mr. Grayson's cousin—"

"I'm sorry, mother, but I'm going to the dance with Jimmie."

The tall, defiant young figure was drawn up tense; the defiant young eyes flashed fire. The older woman crumpled.

"Good heavens!" she cried, tears choking her voice. "It wasn't enough for her father to be—"

"Don't say it," cried the girl. "Don't say it, mother. I know what my father was. He had eyes to see and ears to hear. He was an artist. He listened to the music of life. If he was one, I am proud to be a fool. I accept his heritage—"

A SOUND turned the girl and brought her to her knees before the large chair into which her grandfather had dropped, his face hidden in his frail shaking hands. "My son—my son—my son—" he wailed.

"Forgive me, grandfather," cried Eileen, pressing her cheek to his. "Forgive me, dear. I love you, grandfather; don't cry!"

And there was another sound, which brought all their eyes to the door, and lifted Eileen to her feet. It was a deep voice, which said gently:

"I beg pardon. The butler told me to wait in the next room. I couldn't help hearing. And I couldn't bear to hear Eileen cry—all alone here, with no one on her side, I mean. I think she needs me. My father told me a lot about Eileen last night. He was her father's friend; he loved him. My father really is a gentleman—and very smart. I hope you will like me. I am Jimmie Gaynor. I have come to take Eileen to the dance."

The Hand-Me-Down Baby

[*Continued from page 72*]

"Oh that," Anne's laugh was pitched about two notes too high and was slightly off key, but Jim's ears were not musical. "That must be Mary Duane's baby."

"He has a husky pair of lungs if it is." But Jim seemed satisfied and applied the carving knife to the roast.

But the gurgle came again.

"If it bothers you, Jim, I'll turn on the radio."

BUT Jim paid no attention to her last remark. He rose and walked around the table and took Anne by the shoulders.

"What have you been up to, Lucretia? Your face is scarlet, you've spilled your glass of water twice during dinner and now your teeth are chattering."

But Anne was crying. Jim

pulled her close and kissed her trembling mouth.

"Goo," from the bedroom. Jim made straight for the door, but Anne caught him as his hand turned the knob.

"Jim, you've got to love him. You've just got to because he's mine." Anne was crying hysterically now and her small fists were beating on Jim's chest.

"Anne, what are you talking about?" His face was sober and his hands hurt her shoulders.

"It's a baby." Anne was struggling bravely against the hysteria. Her usually calm nerves had collapsed after the past week.

"So I guessed, but whose baby?"

"He's mine, do you hear? Nobody can take—" began Anne.

"Yours?" The look on Jim's face calmed her.

"Oh Jimmy, not really mine," and Anne laughed and cried at the same time, "but he's one that Dr. Osborne found for me, and the mother was willing to give him up. He's such a dear, and I love him, love him."

"So you wanted a baby that much, sweetheart?"

"More than that, more than I could ever tell you. May I keep him, Jim?"

HER husband's answer was the kiss he had started to give her five minutes before.

"And just think, his name is Jimmy!"

"And by Jove his hair is as red as yours."

For a time the dinner was forgotten and the periwinkle blue candles slowly dripped on the salad dressing. Then Anne left Jim and his new son while she went to warm things up in the kitchen. Tiptoeing back to the bedroom she saw her husband, his eyes alight with the strange joy, open the small fist and kiss the chubby little palm.

A moment later he rushed out with overcoat and hat.

"Where on earth are you going, Jimmy?"

"Down town to buy a Christmas tree and some things for little Jimmy's stocking, and, you little minx, you'll have to stay home and tend the baby."

Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.—*Bacon: Essays.*

For what is a child? Ignorance. What is a child? Want of knowledge. For when a child knows these things, he is in no way inferior to us.—*Epictetus.*

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CATERPILLAR

Cactus Blooms

[Continued from page 80]

"I know that, Eddy," she pleaded. "But I know you. I've been through your country. I know your deserts; I know what you've done down there."

"But I can't make the team," he said. "The Coach seems to be off me for good."

"You'll make it, Eddy," she replied. "Brig is likely to blow up, Dad says, when the going gets tough—and it'll get plenty tough—then you'll have your chance. You'll fight—you'll show your spines—won't you, Eddy? I believe in you."

HE looked into her pleading brown eyes and then at her tender lips.

"Marj, I'll do my best to—to—discard the blossoms," he said solemnly. "I swear I'll do my level best."

He pressed her hands between his own.

"Thanks, Eddy," she said, seriously, a catch in her voice, "I'll make Dad believe in you as I do."

She rose.

"Don't tell your Dad a thing about what we've said, will you," he pled. "He must use his own judgment. I might look rotten in that game, even when I'm doin' my best."

"I'll not say a word—cross my heart," she said, smiling. "But you'll get your chance—I'm sure of it."

He helped her on her horse and walked beside her, one hand on the horse's mane, back to the campus.

THANKSGIVING day dawned cold though bright and cloudless. A stiff wind made the Glendon Bears shiver as they trotted on to the field. Eddy could tell that the day, the promised Herculean struggle, and the conference championship had all combined to attract one of the greatest crowds in Glendon's history. The Crimson and Gold of the Glendon students glistened in the afternoon sun on the west side of the field. The Purple and Silver of St. Francis on the east side, answered color for color.

Eddy's heart thrilled as he streaked up the field under a high pass from Joe. He wondered if he really would get a chance to play.

The game began with Glendon kicking off to St. Francis. The big Purple and Silver team snared the ball and made for Glendon's goal. The Bears did not bring the runner down until he had reached his own forty-five yard line. Old Coach McCarthy was on his feet, his face drawn and set.

"They must hold them," he said to nobody in particular.

ST. FRANCIS began working on the Glendon line. The Bears offered stubborn opposition, but seemed unable to stop the heavy St. Francis backs who plunged over guard, off tackle, and ran around the end for big gains, taking the ball down the field from three to seven yards on each play.

The Glendon reserves were frantic. All watched with fainting hearts the vicious plunges of the opposing team. The ball was on Glendon's twenty-one yard line when the Bears held. St. Francis, in an attempt to score on a pass threw over the goal line.

The game see-sawed back and forth across the field until the half was only a few minutes old when a bad punt that went out of bounds on Glendon's own thirty-five yard line gave St. Francis a break. As the heavy St. Francis line got down with the ball, Coach McCarthy rose to his feet. Eddy could see the look in his eyes.

EDDY crouched lower on his bench. He knew what was to follow. He could feel it in his bones. Those heavy backs would hammer holes through Glendon's line for a touchdown. He glanced up at the Pep Girls, and could see Marjorie, her face pale and drawn, her form tense. She, too, knew what that offensive portended.

The ball was snapped. The St. Francis quarterback carried it around the end three yards. On the next play, the fullback on what appeared to be the same play, re-

peated, took the ball and by cutting back through the line made seven yards and first downs.

Eddy was trembling. He knew nothing could stop that onward rush. Another line play was followed by a completed pass and the St. Francis half placed the ball over Glendon's goal line just before the gun cracked. Their halfback failed to kick goal. The score at the half stood 6 to 0.

"WHAT'S the trouble in there?" Coach McCarthy asked as the team rested between halves. "Why can't your offensive get going?"

"They seem to know our plays," Brig answered. "We can't pull anything that they can't solve instantly."

"Just what I feared," the Coach replied. "You must dramatize your plays better."

"They've been scouting us all year," Brig went on. "I think they know every play we've got."

"It's too late now to do anything about it," the Coach replied. "Brig, you'll have to mix things up a bit; run your sequences."

McCarthy outlined some plays which, he hoped would help. Eddy listened eagerly, for he believed he would have his chance to play.

The second half was very much a repetition of the first. With one touchdown in the lead, St. Francis played cautious, tight football. They always punted on the third down and in other ways showed that they were content with the score as it was.

AS the time slipped away, the Bears opened up more and more in an attempt to score. Brig was running the team well, but was gradually revealing by his plays the strain under which he had been working.

On a series of plays, St. Francis had worked the ball to Glendon's thirty-two yard line when the Bears stiffened and held. Brig, evidently desperate, took the ball and after failing to gain a first down in two tries attempted to pass. St. Francis intercepted and had the ball on Glendon's forty yard line when their back was dragged down.

Eddy groaned. He fancied he could see the end. Coach McCarthy was grim.

"The chump," Eddy grated under his breath. "He should have known better than to use that pass there."

Three plays took the ball back to Glendon's thirty-one yard line, but the Bears held. St. Francis lined up with a man back. Eddy knew they were going to try a drop kick.

"Block that kick," he yelled.

"Keep quiet," the Coach commanded sternly. "We'll get a penalty."

THE ball was snapped back to the kicker whose educated toe sent it cleanly between the posts. Eddy sank to his seat with a groan. Nine to nothing and the third quarter gone.

The fourth quarter opened with St. Francis kicking to Glendon. Brig seemed entirely gone. One play after another failed.

"He's through," Eddy snapped "I knew old Brig'd blow up. Why that series of plays should never have been called there."

Eddy put his hands over his face to hide his feelings. He could not help but remember the

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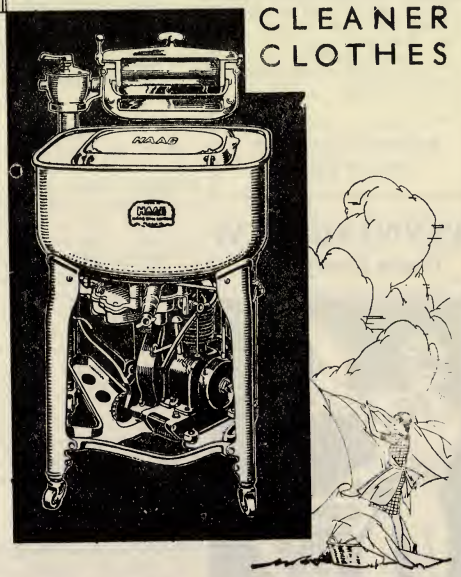

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girl up in the stand. For Glendon to be beaten 9 to 0 or even more would certainly be a bitter pill for Coach McCarthy.

Eddy heard some one stop in front of him. He raised his eyes. It was the big Coach looming over him.

"Brown," he said, "Brig's exploded. You got to go in."

Eddy leaped to his feet, pulling his helmet down tight as he did so.

"Okay," he replied.

"Now, listen," the Coach went on. "They are solving our plays. You got to work 'em faster. Spring something and smash that line. We got to win."

"I'll do my best," Eddy said, his voice trembling in spite of him. "I want you to give me a chance, though. Don't pull me out 'till I look absolutely hopeless."

"Go in," the Coach replied. "Win this game—that's all I ask."

AS Eddy trotted out on to the field he heard a roar from the Glendon bleachers. Mingled with it he thought he could hear a voice shrilly crying, "Cactus Spines. Arizona cactus spines." His heart sang.

Before Brig was well off the field, the Glendon Bears were on their way. The entrance of Eddy Brown into the battle seemed to put new fight into them. Coach McCarthy grinned as he watched his machine for the first time begin to click as he had hoped it would do. As the Bears plowed up the field with Eddy Brown's voice calling signals high above the roar of the crowd, Old Bill McCarthy watched the score board anxiously as the big hand crept up toward fifteen.

Eddy felt like a super-man. Fresh, he carried the ball frequently himself ripping off precious yardage as the seconds ticked away.

"Give 'em the Cactus, Bears," he shouted. "Give 'em the spines—to Hades with the blooms."

The tired Bears responded heroically. Crushing the huge St. Francis line before them they at last stood on the enemy's fifteen yard line. There St. Francis held grimly. It was third down and eight yards to go.

Eddy thought rapidly, calling to mind all the line plays he could think of. He discarded one after another as he remembered how the St. Francis team had met many of them. He knew here they would be watching for a pass, yet, he believed a pass was the only thing that would bring a touchdown. The Bears were tiring and could not be depended upon to make any holes in the massed line.

HE called his play. He knew that over in the grand stand there would be at least one who would not approve, and her approval meant more than anybody else's just then. But he must take the one desperate chance.

The ball was snapped back to Joe Medill. Eddy streaked through the line and off to the left. Over his shoulder he caught sight of the ball spiraling towards him, but well in front. He stretched every sinew a prayer on his lips. He simply could not miss that catch.

Behind him thundered two St. Francis backs, and he knew the play would be decided by inches. Joe had led him too far with the pass. He couldn't make it! But he must! With arms outstretched, he left his feet and lunging through the air he felt his fingers touch the oval. It slipped—his heart stopped—but he grasped it more firmly.

He fell to the ground the ball clutched tightly in his hands as two St. Francis backs piled on top of him.

When they saw the ball behind the St. Francis goal line, Glendon fans went mad. Lon Granger, the Bear fullback, dropped a placement neatly between the upright. Silver and Gold colors fluttered frantically in the breeze. The score was 9 to 7 in St. Francis's favor.

IT was a rejuvenated team that kicked off to St. Francis and followed the ball down the field. On account of the raging cactus spines behind the line who seemed to be everywhere present, the Bear forward wall suddenly became impregnable. St. Francis had to punt.

The ball spiraled high and fell into Eddy's arms. As he started up the field toward the score board, he could see the huge fingers—St. Francis 9; Glendon 7, and almost in the same second he saw the hand

of the clock. It read four minutes to go.

St. Francis, sensing the rejuvenation of the Bears, ran some fresh men into the line. These held on their own forty yard line. Fourth down and four yards to go.

Again Eddy went over his plays. The St. Francis team had solved the line smashes. Again he rejected them. He called his men into a huddle.

"Cactus Blossoms," he barked.

"What?" the center barked back.

Eddy flushed.

"I forgot," he stammered. "We're goin' to try a placement."

Eddy knew his strategy was good. He did not have a good placement kicker, but he might make it. If he didn't—well, he had already figured out a sequence if only that clock hand didn't move too rapidly. He knew that St. Francis would bring up all the men in an attempt to block it.

FROM his seat on the side lines Coach McCarthy watched the preparations. He knew that the Bears had no place-kicker of any ability. He knew that Eddy knew that and he wondered why the boy would take a chance of having a kick blocked.

"It must be a fake of some kind," he said to his line coach. "The kid knows we haven't a man that could place kick forty yards." The line coach nodded assent.

Just then the ball was snapped. Joe received it and placed it. The fullback came up and kicked. The ball wobbled high in the air and came down in the end zone.

"The fool did," Coach McCarthy grunted. "Chauncy, get ready to go in. Brown has gone hay wire."

The ball was placed in play on St. Francis's twenty yard line. St. Francis, however, had spent much of its power and lacked the punch to make any headway with Eddy Brown grimly calling the Bears to hold. The Purple and Silver team was forced to punt.

THE ball was low and swift and would have gone over Eddy's head had he not leaped high and thrown up his arms. He caught it and lit out up the field. Four Bears fell in line in front of him and behind their perfect interference he had reached the forty yard line before he was downed. As he rose to his feet he looked at the clock. Two minutes to go and there were forty yards between the Bears and the goal line.

He called a buck. It failed. He tried an end run with the right halfback carrying the ball. The Bears lost a yard. He called a pass. It was knocked down by a St. Francis back.

In desperation Eddy looked over his bag of tricks. If he only had a kicker! What an opportunity for a perfect toe! Then a thought flashed into his mind. He called

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a huddle. The play was to be a placement again. Some of the Bears objected. "This time we will make it," Eddy snapped back.

The fullback dropped back. Eddy took his place on the ground ready to receive the ball. To make the drama more real, he was careful to smooth off the ground.

Out on the side lines Coach McCarthy was raging.

"The chump. Just as I thought. Blows up in the pinches."

THE vast crowd held breathless. A kick perfectly executed would win; if it went wide, or fell short—Glendon would lose.

The ball was snapped. In that second Eddy knew that the game hung in the balance, and that his future happiness hung with it. He did not intend to let the fullback's toe touch the ball. He was playing a one man signal and he was the man. This was cactus blossoms. It had to succeed to be forgiven.

He got the ball firmly in his hands. He set it at just the proper angle. The big fullback, as the St. Francis men poured in to smother the quarterback, rushed forward and kicked, but—the ball was not there. A look of surprise spread over his face—of surprise and bewilderment as Eddy shot to his feet, dodged the St. Francis center, stepped to the left, the ball tucked under his arm.

The play had worked as he had expected it to do. St. Francis warriors were bounding in to block the kick. A glance at the goal line and Eddy's knees wobbled. It was too far. Some one would pull him down. Before his mind flashed miles of cactus blossoms—yellow cactus blossoms.

"Not yellow, too!" he half sobbed.

Then as if from a great distance he heard the roar of the crowd. He knew Marjorie was up there.

These thoughts came in a blinding flash as he caught his first glimpse of a broken field of Silver and Purple.

He set his teeth and bounded forward and to the left. Running with that ease that marks the natural ball runner, Eddy charged for the goal. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw the fullback cut in from the side. He saw the big fellow leave his feet and shoot through the air. Eddy leaped high, escaping by inches as the fullback's hands grasped at his elusive heels.

THIRTY yards to go! Eddy forgot everything but his pursuers and that goal ahead. Never had he run as he was running. He stretched his legs until his muscles cracked. He must make it, he must win or—Cactus Blossoms.

He heard the thudding feet of the St. Francis safety man behind him. He counted the rapid thud of the fellow's cleated shoes. Twenty yards, ten yards.

He was tiring. His pursuer's steps became drums beating in his ears. Five yards! Suddenly the regular thud became sharp, staccato. Eddy did not have to be told what was happening. The safety was gathering for a spring.

He leaped forward! Three yards and then—a body striking, a pain shooting up his right leg, but he must go on. Dragging his tackler he stumbled toward the goal and sprawled, his arms far above his head, the ball tightly clutched in his hands.

He heard a deafening roar, then something hard like the toe of a cleated shoe struck him on the chin.

WHEN he opened his eyes, he found himself lying on the grass beside the bench. He sat up. The bleachers were emptying although bands were playing somewhere, and he could hear the chatter of excited voices as the people filed out. Men and boys covered the field. Beyond them he caught a glimpse of the score board. St. Francis 9; Glendon 13 it read.

He tried to get up, but a twisting pain shot through his right leg.

"You can't do it." It was the trainer speaking. "I'm afraid it's broken. We'll have to rush you to the hospital. You've been out for nearly ten minutes.

"Is the score-board right?" Eddy asked as he sank back on his elbow.

"It sure is," Big Bill McCarthy said. He stooped over his quarterback and patted him on the head.

"I'm glad." That was all Eddy

could say as he sank to the ground.

He closed his eyes. When he opened them he found himself looking into a face so radiantly sweet that he blinked twice—wondering if he was out of his head.

"Eddy, that was simply wonderful." It was Marjorie speaking—smiling down at him. "I hope you're not hurt—much."

"It doesn't matter," he replied. "We won."

"You certainly showed St. Francis the spines, Eddy."

ON Christmas morning Marjorie answered an insistent ring at the bell. Upon opening the door she found a delivery boy bearing a parcel addressed to her from Arizona. Her heart fluttered when she recognized the writing.

"It's from Eddy" she said to her father and mother as she set the package on the table.

They said nothing, but under their gaze she could feel a flush running up her neck to her hair.

She unwrapped the parcel. Inside was a medium sized barrel cactus the top of which was loose. Removing it she revealed a cavity filled with cubes of cactus candy. Among it was a card. It read:

Both the Spines and the Blossoms,
Marjorie,
With all my Heart—
Eddy.

HEROISM, in which I include courage, fortitude, and self-denial is an essential element of a great character; courage, which leads a man forth to meet danger whenever thereto called by duty; fortitude, the power and practice of endurance, which renders him superior to pain, and makes him accept with cheerfulness whatever fate comes; and self-denial, the subordination of the material to the spiritual, of the lower to the higher nature of man, which renders his will master of his appetites and passions, and causes him to forego every personal benefit for the sake of honor and conscience.

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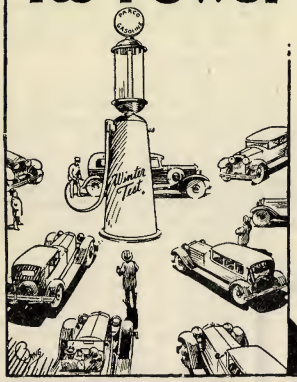

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Blessings Follow The Era

[*Continued from page 103*]

with which this work was undertaken writes: "In our wards we met with a splendid response from M. I. A. officers and Bishoprics, and the degree of success attained in the *Era* drive has been due to the spirit and zeal by the ward people. We feel to commend them for their work and to give to them the honor that comes from this service."

The following is from Brother D. L. Stapley, Stake Director: "I wish to give you report on *Improvement Era* accomplished by the Pine Ward of Maricopa Stake. Pine is a small mountain town located under the Mogollon rim, one hundred and fifty miles north of Phoenix. There are eighteen families in this ward and they have a paid up subscription list of twenty, with two of these going into the homes of investigators, and they have two additional subscriptions in prospect."

The *Era* Directors of Franklin Stake, which reported 100% of their *Era* quota on the second day of the drive, write: "We organized our forces Sunday at our Union meeting. After having secured a subscription from our Stake Presidency, High Council, and all members of our Stake Board, and having received a promise from each bishopric in the Stake of their cooperation, six members in the Priesthood, two High Priests, two Seventies, and two Elders with six M. I. A. workers went out in pairs to the six districts in each ward, and made a house to house canvass. Members and non-members were all visited. We told our ward workers Sunday that we would have a young man and a young lady in every ward to receive their 100% report. This we did. When I phoned the results to Brother Ballard Tuesday night, reports had been received from ten of the eleven wards (one ward being unavailable by telephone) showing Franklin Stake over the top 100%."

Sister Julia R. Hiatt of the Union Stake, which was the stake to go highest in the percentage of their quota during the month of September, writes: "I wish I could tell you how we did it. We were all ready to go out during the week of the drive. We made all our plans the week previous so there would be no delay. All Wards responded wonderfully well and all except one (Baker) have over 100% of their quota. Baker has

promised quite a number more on the 15th of this month. Our stake President and I drove to one ward and helped them get their quota. I am sure our LaGrande 2nd Ward President got very tired of having me call her every day to see how they were doing and finally the day we were to mail our order she told me plainly that the best their ward could do was 15 and their quota was 22. We felt as though we needed their numbers badly but so many had to wait for paydays. So we were making out our order and about ten o'clock p. m. here comes the *Era* Committee from the 2nd Ward with more than their quota. We were so happy. We felt as though our prayers had been answered. They told us they went to their board meeting and decided they would have to leave and to see once more what they could do and that was their reward. They are still working hard to finish this month. I am sure you will never know how very happy we all were."

Homer Englestead, Stake Director for the Young Men of Zion Park Stake, writes: "I was up to Springdale yesterday. The Director of that ward did not have time to go so I appointed John A. Allred to go with me and we put 52 subscriptions in the Springdale Ward. Some were non-Mormons. This is more than a subscription in every family in the Springdale Ward."

Sister Luree Gardner, Director of *Era* and Publicity for the Young Ladies of the Parowan Stake, reports: "We thought perhaps you would be pleased to know of the success of our Director in the Cedar 2nd Ward. She alone succeeded in getting 42 subscriptions to the *Era*. The total quota for her Ward is only 49."

Who Sent Santa Claus?

[*Continued from page 85*]

the North Pole I ran into an old pal of yours. He told me all about you—how he strolled into your office years ago when you were a young engineer just starting out for yourself and he laid before you his idea of a new pumping engine he had invented. He asked you if it would work. You said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'would you be willing to go ahead and design such an engine, involving this principle of hydraulics and take your chances of pay on my sometime getting it patented and on the market?' You said 'Yes.' And he told me how you struggled day after day and night after night with plans and little hope of pay —and for a man you had never seen before. Night before last when you went in to hear Katie's prayer I happened by. Wasn't that providential? Now, sir, there is a position open for an engineer with half interest in the company that will market that engine. That's all I'm authorized to say except that your Pal said to tell you he would eat Christmas dinner with you and then he would tell you all about it.

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RESIDENTS of a coal region are accustomed to coal —they have grown up with it. To them it is commonplace, and they usually bear in mind all disadvantages without proper regard for advantages. While these same people know all about the automobile, radio, automatic refrigerator and numerous other products of the modern day, they fail to realize that comparable developments have been made in the use of coal. Like parents who are the last to realize that their children have grown up, the average residents are too close to the industry to obtain the proper perspective.

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Foods for Health

Let Christmas Cakes Bring Christmas Cheer

[*Continued from page 81*]

Cooking Terms

There must be a definite understanding of cooking terms. *Stirring* is a rotary movement that mixes materials together. *Beating* is a short up and down movement that introduces air into the materials. *Folding* is a slow dipping down and folding one material over another so as not to allow the air that has been introduced to escape: as folding the beaten whites into the batter.

Measuring

Flour should be sifted once and measured *immediately*, lifting it lightly with a spoon into the measuring cup. *Cake flour* is light and insures a tender cake. *Bread flour* is heavier and absorbs more moisture and therefore should be used in cakes made with fruits. *Bread flour* can be used where the recipe calls for *cake flour* but in measuring two tablespoons should be taken from each cupful, and better results are had if it is sifted 3 or 4 times after it is measured. In substituting *cake flour* for *bread flour* add two tablespoons to each cupful. If too little flour is used the cake falls, too much and the cake cracks open and is heavy.

Fats.—Pack the softened fat firmly into the cup or spoon so that there are no air bubbles, then level off with a knife. Tablespoons, teaspoons and fractions of teaspoons should be measured with a set of measuring spoons—however, an ordinary spoon can be used, but in measuring a half spoonful divide the full spoon, lengthwise.

Tested Recipes

Recipes should not only give the quantities of materials to be used but they should make plain the *order* and *method* of putting these materials together. Most cooks agree upon the following procedure: Cream butter—slowly add sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat again until thoroughly blended. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until the batter is smooth. Add baking powder and flavoring and lastly fold in the beaten whites.

There is a *short* cut for mixing that can be used by the busy housewife. Soften the butter to consistency of cream, and put it in a large mixing bowl, add sugar, flour, eggs and baking powder. Stir until well blended, then beat with large strong egg beater until light and spongy. This method gives fairly good results, but perfect cake texture cannot be had unless time is taken for separate creaming and beating.

"A cake should be stirred in only *one direction*—from left to right" is an old rule that has come down to us through many generations. In order to combat this erroneous idea an instructor in a cooking school used to have the class in cake-making beat the batter in every possible direction. This old rule originated in the days of witches, when everything that went wrong was attributed to their evil power. Knowing that the beating in some way affected the results, and being without scientific knowledge, the cooks of that time reasoned that by changing the direction of the beating, an opening was made for witches to enter.

Laboratory tests have proven that it is the thorough creaming of the butter and sugar that develops the velvety texture of a cake and that batter should be beaten just enough (without thought of direction) to mix the ingredients into a creamy, spongy mass. Too much beating makes the batter stringy and runny and the cake tough, too little beating makes the cake coarse. Some cooks count their strokes, but since every one stirs and beats at different speeds it would be difficult to set a certain number for general use. This is something that each person through practice must figure out for herself.

Oven Temperature

With an oven regulator, the baking is a simple matter. For layer or sheet cake, set the regulator at 375°—for loaf 350°. Light the oven and when it begins to warm put the cake in and do not open the oven again until the cake is nearly done. Layer and sheet cakes about 20 minutes and loaf cakes 40 or 45 minutes. Sponge, angel food, chocolate and fruit cakes are baked longer and in a slower oven.

Where there is no regulator the testing can be done with the hand or by timing. A cook constantly using the same stove can easily time a slow or *moderate* oven.

Utensils

The utensils for cake making are simple and few: a large earthen mixing bowl, an approved measuring cup,

set of measuring spoons, wooden slotted mixing spoon and a large strong egg beater. An electrical beater is an excellent thing to have, but it is expensive. The cook who gives some thought to personal efficiency can make a cake in a very few minutes. The utensils and ingredients should all be assembled, the measuring done and the baking pan greased before the mixing is begun—once that is started there should be no delay. The icing should be spread soon after the cake is taken out of the oven—when it is cool, but not cold.

To the beginner all these instructions may sound difficult and complicated, but with a little practice cake making becomes an interesting job with something delicious at the finish.

Tested Recipes

All measurements are level.

Christmas Cake (Dark)

½ pound of butter
6 eggs
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup white sugar
¼ cup Dixie molasses
½ cup orange juice
3 cups bread flour
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon warm water
1 pound currants
1 pound raisins
1 pound chopped nuts
¼ pound citron peel
¼ pound dates
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cloves

Fruits and nuts should be made ready an hour or so before the mixing begins. Wash and dry currants (seedless raisins may be used in place of currants if desired). Cut seeded raisins in bits. Slice citron peel thin, chop dates, being careful to remove skin that incases stone, sift flour, measure then sift again 3 times and mix 1 cupful with fruit and nuts.

Cream butter, add sugar and beat well. Add egg yolks and beat again. Add molasses and spices, and the flour, alternately with orange juice, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add the soda dissolved in the warm water, and then fold in the well beaten egg whites. Carefully stir in the fruit and nuts, and turn into tins well lined with greased paper and bake in *slow* oven. The batter should be stiff enough to drop from spoon. Fruit cakes are made stiffer with flour than cakes without fruit, and more flour is needed in a high altitude than in a low altitude. This batter will fill 3 individual bread loaf pans, a good size for gift cakes. Bake 1 hour and 40 minutes—one large pan 2 hours.

Christmas Cake (White)

1 pound butter
2 cups sugar

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Christmas Cards

FINE LEATHER GOODS

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Salt Lake City, Utah

4 cups bread flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon mace
10 eggs
1 pound seedless raisins
½ pound candied cherries
½ pound candied pineapple
1 cup Brazil nuts
1 cup blanched almonds
1-3 pound orange peel
1-3 pound lemon peel
1-3 pound citron peel

Wash, dry and cut into small pieces the candied cherries and pineapple. Chop the nuts, and slice thin oranges, lemon and citron peel. Sift the flour, measure, sift again 3 times and add half of it to the fruit and nuts. Cream butter, add sugar slowly and beat until light and fluffy. Add 10 egg yolks and beat again. Stir in remainder of flour alternately with lemon juice. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add mace and baking powder and fold in well beaten egg whites. Stir in carefully the floured fruit and nuts. Turn into pans lined with greased paper and bake in slow oven 2 hours. This makes a very large cake.

Poor Man's Fruit Cake

1 cup sour double cream (very thick)
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup Dixie molasses
3 cups bread flour
1 pound seeded raisins
1 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon allspice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon warm water

Turn the cream into mixing bowl. Dissolve the soda in warm water and stir into cream. Add molasses and brown sugar; mix thoroughly, then add spices and flour, which has been sifted 3 times after measuring, and beat altogether with large strong egg beater. The batter must be very thick. Stir in the floured raisins; turn into a pan lined with greased paper and bake in a very slow oven 1 hour and 15 minutes. Cakes containing molasses burn easily and so require careful baking. This cake is better than it *sounds*—It will keep a long time—in fact it grows better with age.

Old English Plum Pudding

1 quart sweet milk
1 quart bread crumbs
1 cup molasses
6 eggs
1 pound suet
2 pounds raisins
1 pound walnuts
2 cups brown sugar
½ pound citron
½ pound orange peel
½ pound dates
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Enough bread flour to make stiff batter

Chop suet fine and sprinkle with flour. Add bread crumbs to milk and let soak. Slice thin the citron and orange peel; chop nuts; cut in small pieces seeded raisins, and cover all with flour that has been sifted several times. Then beat the eggs until they are very foamy, add bread crumbs and milk, the molasses and brown sugar; blend well together and stir in enough well sifted flour to make stiff batter. Add baking powder, soda, spices and flavoring. Then carefully stir in suet, nuts and fruit. Fill 1 pound baking powder tins (well greased) two-thirds full of mixture, cover with cloth and lid, and boil 3 1-2 hours slowly in

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GHIRARDELLI'S Ground CHOCOLATE

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327

kettle of boiling water. This recipe makes a very large amount and the puddings are quite as attractive for Christmas gifts as are the fruit cakes.

Sour Cream Cake

1 cup sour cream (thick)
1 cup sugar
1¾ cups cake flour
2 eggs
2½ teaspoons of baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
Pinch of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Turn cream into mixing bowl and stir in the soda. Add sugar, egg yolks, flour, baking powder and flavoring; blend altogether, then beat several minutes with large strong egg beater. Fold in the well beaten whites and bake in layers or loaf in moderate oven, 15 or 20 minutes for layer, 40 minutes for loaf. This cake can be made in few minutes and is easily prepared while dinner is cooking if oven is available. Cut in squares when still warm and serve with one-half canned peach and dash of whipped cream. It makes a most satisfying dish for growing children. If the sour cream is not very thick a tablespoon of melted butter may be added to it.

Golden Cake

1½ cups of sugar
½ cup warm water
1 teaspoon cream tartar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
6 eggs
1¼ cups cake flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
Pinch of salt

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water; pour slowly over the well beaten egg whites, stirring as you pour. Let stand while you beat the egg yolks, then add them to the mixture. Carefully fold in the flour and cream of tartar. Add flavoring, turn into an ungreased angel food pan and bake in slow oven 1 hour.

Icing

1 tablespoon butter
2 cups powdered sugar
4 or 5 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Grated rind of one orange

Melt butter and add sifted sugar, alternately with orange and lemon juice, a small amount at a time, beating until perfectly smooth. Add orange rind, and if necessary thin with more orange juice until of right consistency to spread. Cover top and sides of cake.

Chocolate Cake
Part I

1 cup brown sugar
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon cold water
1 cup milk
4 squares of bakers' chocolate

Put chocolate in double boiler and when melted add sugar and milk. While this is heating beat egg yolk; add teaspoon cold water to them and stir slowly into the heated mixture. Stir constantly until thick, remove from fire and let cool while you are preparing part two.

Part II

1 cup sugar
2 cups cake flour
½ cup butter
2-3 cups milk
2 eggs and two other whites
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda in tablespoon warm water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, slowly add sugar and cream well together. Add 2 egg yolks and beat well. Add flour and milk, a little at a time and beat smooth after each addition. Then stir in part one, and add soda, baking powder

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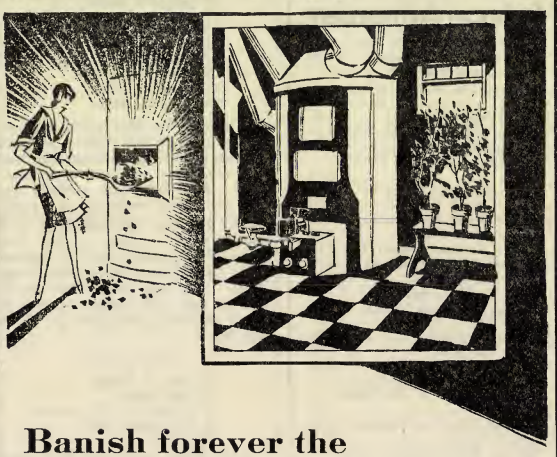

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and flavoring and lastly fold in the 4 well beaten whites. Bake in slow oven 25 minutes for layer, 50 minutes for loaf. Heat may be turned up a little last few minutes.

Icing

2 tablespoons butter
2 squares bakers' chocolate
2 cups powdered sugar
2 tablespoons of milk or postum
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate and butter together in double boiler, sift sugar, and add little at a time, beating smooth after each addition. Add flavoring, and milk or postum until of a consistency to spread.

White Cake

¼ pound of butter
1 cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups cake flour
1 cup milk
Whites of 4 eggs
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon lemon

Cream butter, slowly add sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Sift flour 3 times after it has been measured and add alternately with milk a little at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring and baking power and very carefully fold in the beaten whites. Bake in slow oven, layers 20 minutes, loaf 45 minutes. This cake is almost as delicate as angel food. The egg yolks that are left can be used for *caramel custard*, the recipe for which was given in November *Era*.

Divinity Icing

Whites of 2 eggs
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons Karo syrup
½ cup warm water
Flavoring

Mix sugar, water and Karo syrup thoroughly together and boil until it cracks in cold water, or forms thread from spoon. Pour over stiffly beaten whites, add flavoring and beat to spreading consistency.

Chocolate Angel Food

1 cup cake flour
1 cup egg whites
About 9 eggs
1¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cream tartar
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon ground chocolate

Put teaspoon ground chocolate in measuring cup, sift in flour until it measures level—do not jar cup. Sift this mixture together 3 times; sift cup of sugar 3 times. Put egg whites in large platter, and with flat wire whisk beat until foamy, then add salt and cream tartar. Continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Sift in sugar, a little at a time until all is used. Add flavoring, sift small amount of flour in, fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Bake in *very slow* oven at least 1 hour. The heat may be slightly increased the last 15 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan until cold.

Plain Cake

1-3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
½ cup milk
1¾ cups flour
2 eggs
2½ teaspoons baking powder
Flavoring

This is a delicious plain cake. It can be baked in layers, loaf or sheet. It is best when put together carefully, according to the directions already given for cake making, but if the butter is softened to the consistency of cream, the method of beating all ingredients altogether will give good results.

A Really Merry Christmas

[*Continued from page 102*]

"AND what's more," said Aunt Sue, "we're going to make this house over so's we won't have to spend all our time doin' chores, you an' me, Andy. We'll bring the water in, an' have an oil furnace like Judge Glenn's got, an' with 'lectric lights, an' all, things is goin' to be diff'rent. An' in the morning on your way to school you stop and tell Joe Andrug I want to see him. He's a good hand at milkin' an' feedin', an' with that passel o' younguns he can use some extra money, I guess,"

"Oh, gee, Aunt Sue," said Andy slipping his arm about her neck, "won't we have a good time—talkin' an' readin' evenings!" His eyes were big and starry, and the starved little heart of him was nigh to bursting with joy.

"An' come to think of it, Andy," Aunt Sue went on, smiling into the happy face so near her own, "that turkey's goin' to be too big for just us two—what say we ask Noah an' Annie and the children over to Christmas dinner. I can have a 'lectric stove put in too, an' it won't be no chore 'tall to get a big dinner."

"Oh, Aunt Sue," cried Andy, tightening the arm about her neck till she was almost choked, "we're goin' to have a *really* Merry Christmas, ain't we, huh, Aunt Sue?"

Z. C. M. I.

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